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Premier Hart's Bugle Call

The coast province is burnishing its arms for a battle over freight rates

By CHAS. L. SHAW

THE problems receiving closest attention from British Columbia's public men this winter are not spectacular, but they touch everyone's pocket-book. These are the problems of debt and freight rates, and before the valley lands are green again these topics will stir a good deal of debate in and out of the legislature.

Premier John Hart has already given a hint of where the lines of battle will be drawn. At the Edmonton conference in November he made it clear that British Columbia intended to range itself beside the other western provinces in resisting the application of the railroads for increased rates. It looks as though this would be a long drawn-out campaign, but combatting freight rates is an old story in the west coast province and there are still some veterans of previous campaigns ready and able to battle it out again.

Senator Gerry McGeer who, at this writing, is seeking the mayoralty of Vancouver—a post he previously held—may find himself too busy with other things to go to bat on freight rates as he did a couple of decades ago, but the odds are that he won't. He is a versatile as well as a successful campaigner and if he becomes mayor he will be able to fight the railroads' application on two fronts—as a member of the Senate and as a municipal leader.

British Columbia businessmen and industrialists have complained for years at what they claim to be discrimination by the railroads in charging more to ship goods east from the coast than to bring them west from the industrialized east. They say that they have been denied profitable entry into markets such as Winnipeg simply because the rail rates prevent them from meeting the competition of Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton; and they contend that the railroads' argument about the high cost of the mountain haul has been somewhat over-rated.

So far as British Columbia is concerned, the stakes are high. In addition to resisting the application for higher rates, the province will probably seize this opportunity to dig up many old scores against the railroads, including the mountain rate.

Another issue that the province would like to have settled—favorably of course—is debt, and the nature of this settlement may determine the basis of agreement between British Columbia and the Ottawa administration regarding financial responsibility.

Ottawa has a debt of \$35,000,000

against British Columbia on its books, dating back to the depression days when unemployment relief was a major issue, work camps were strung out along the Fraser Highway and breadlines were as prevalent in Vancouver as nylon queues are today. It has been the contention of Premier Hart, often repeated, that unemployment should be regarded as a federal burden and that the B.C. debt should therefore be written off.

The federal authorities have been inclined to argue this point, but if British Columbia insists and offers it as a basis for a new bilateral agreement between Victoria and Ottawa it may be acceptable. If the debt is eliminated British Columbia will save about a million dollars a year on debt charges and might feel readier to make a deal for income and other tax collection more in line with what Ottawa has been unsuccessfully asking, for the past year or so.

THE Okanagan fruit grower was able to relax this month after one of his most successful but at the same time most exasperating of seasons. He had harvested an enormous crop and with fair prospects of selling it at a good price, but he had been through such a series of anxieties during the summer months that he was pretty well worn out mentally and badly in need of a rest.

Just when it became obvious that the crop was going to be a whopper the growers realized that they were faced with a shortage of wooden boxes as a result of the loggers' and sawmill workers' strike. When the strike ended and it began to look as though there might be enough wood for boxes after all, a steel strike in the east created a critical scarcity of nails without which the boxes were useless. Then along came a shortage of freight cars.

These were new problems for the fruit industry, but there were old ones, too, such as lack of labor.

HOWEVER, there were some points in the growers' favor and an important one was the ideal harvesting weather—cool nights, warm days without rain and an absence of ravaging winds. And the growers managed to profit to some extent by the misfortunes of others, such as the maritime strike in the United States which had the effect of opening up a new market for British Columbia apples in such markets as the Philippines, Hawaii and places in the United States that normally were served by American ships.

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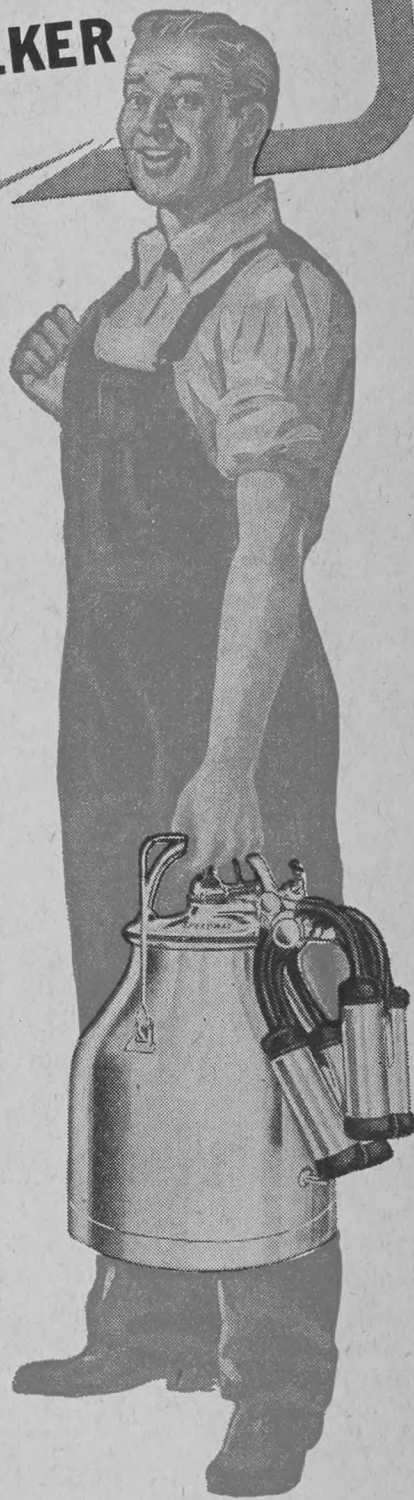
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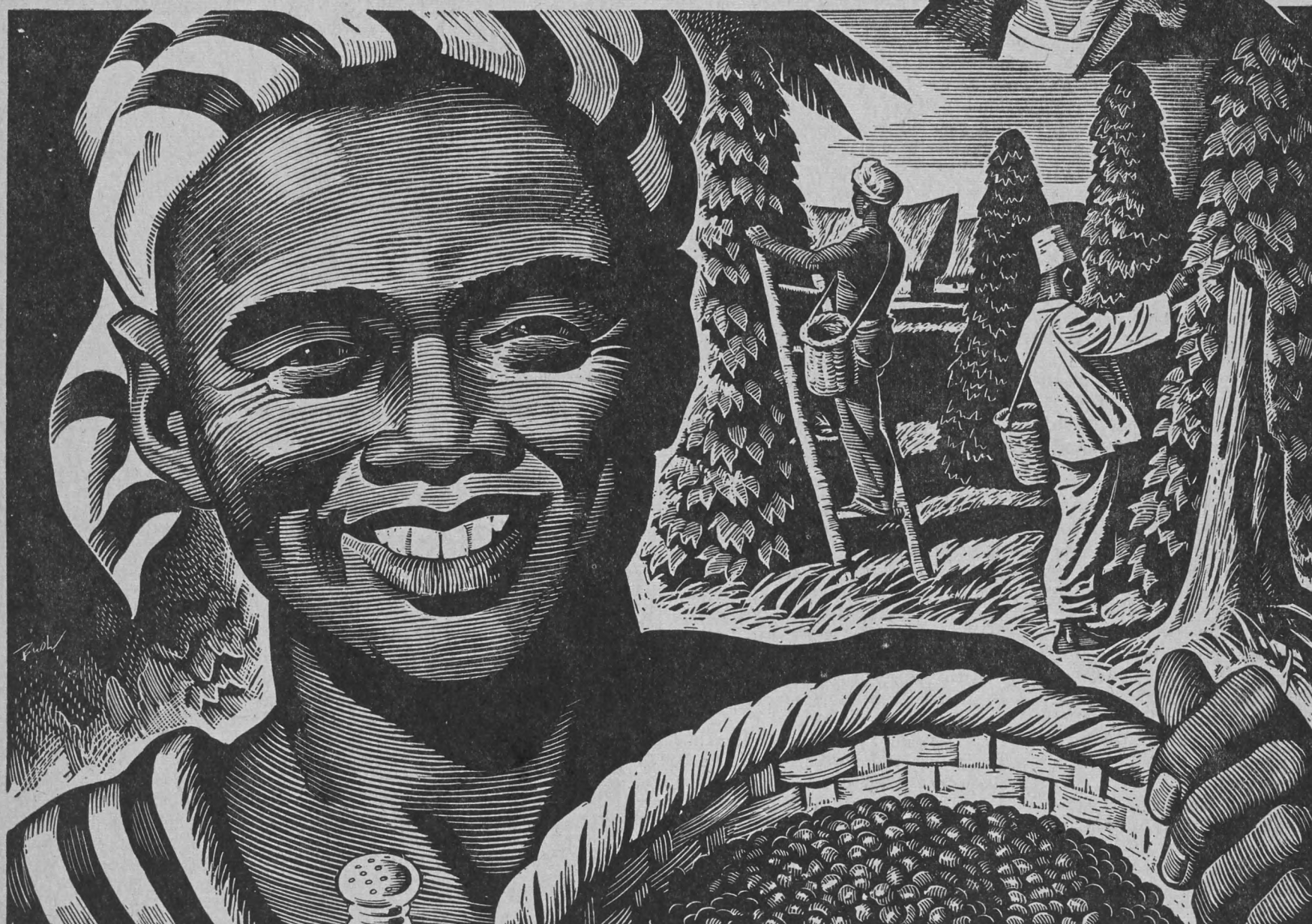


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The Canadian Outlook

OUR greatest concern as farm people in Canada is to maintain a balance between agriculture, labor and industry. If we cannot do that our economy will become lopsided. We shall have unemployment and unrest, and all kinds of political division. During the war the Canadian government took complete control of our price level. Our whole economy was under a ceiling. At the commencement of hostilities, agriculture was just beginning to recover from a severe depression and balance had not yet been restored. It took us nearly all the early war years to try to fight our way up to a satisfactory balance, and it was only during the last two years of the war that we attained a reasonably good position.

When the war was over, farm people expected that at least the balance reached during these later war years would be carried on into the postwar period. Proof of this is that at the annual meeting of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture in January of this year, farmers were not asking for price increases to any extent, but were asking for a few adjustments. As an example, instead of asking for four cents increase on butter we could have asked for ten cents. Our demand for four cents, which was granted, merely had the effect of bringing butter prices up nearer to the level of cheese. The reason we did not ask for ten cents was that we felt our obligation to supply Britain with the agreed quota of cheese. A ten cent increase on butter would have had the effect of diverting some of the milk which now goes into cheese into butter. The reason we have butter rationing in Canada is because we are deliberately keeping down the supply of milk that is going into butter in order to fill the quota, if we can, of 125 million pounds of cheese for Britain.

As farmers we also asked for the domestic price of wheat to be raised to the export level which, of course, should have been done from the first. We asked only for adjustments. We were not asking for higher prices. We were thinking in terms of balance, not in terms of rising prices.

As the year progressed other groups in Canada began to demand and secure increases. They came one after the other, so much so as to upset the balance. If we had a reasonable balance at the end of the war, then either these costs should not go up, or our prices ought to advance in step with them. Let me list for you the principal increases which we have seen go into effect from the first of the year.

There was first an increase of two cents on gasoline for the prairie provinces. Next there was the increase on farm implements that raised a great storm because implement companies got an adjustment in 1942 which put them up reasonably well at

that time. Then there was the increase in steel. Then the packing houses. Following this, we had increases in cement, fertilizer, lumber, shingles, and now an application for freight increases of 30 per cent.

In eastern Canada we feel most of all the competition of higher industrial wages which draw labor off the farms. Our wages jumped anywhere from \$10 to \$40 a month. There never has been any ceiling, of course, on farm wages.

WITH the price level for what the farmer has to sell pretty well held, there has been a steady rise since the war ended on many of the costs which the farmer has to bear. Generally speaking, our price level has been held by three forces: by the ceiling imposed under the regulations, by consumer opinion, and by export contracts. We have had a few increases, but for the most part we are being held while our costs are getting away from us. This is our big problem today.

We have an Agricultural Prices Support Bill. That bill put the government on record as promising to maintain farm income on a par with that of



Healthy economic development depends on the proper integration of the forces which make up our national life. So H. H. Hannam, president of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture tells the U.G.G. annual meeting.



other groups in the nation. This is the first time in Canada that a promise of that kind has ever been written into the law of the land and it is our duty to see that it is lived up to.

The wartime emergency legislation automatically expires at the end of next March. Unless something else is done all price controls are off. Most of us have had too many controls, but before demanding the abolition of controls, we, as farm people, should give the whole matter serious consideration. If controls come off, certainly some of our prices will go up. They will probably jump for awhile, and then settle back. If Canada were able to consume all its own agricultural products, as they do in the United Kingdom, we might gain from a policy of complete de-control. If we are going to sell for export we must have either short or long-term contracts. But whether we have a contract or not, we have to consider that the prices of commodities sold for export will not rise above the price levels in the world market.

If prices for our agricultural produce are held down by competitive world market prices, it is possible that our costs, after the abolition of controls,

will jump far more than our prices. I do not know what will happen next spring, but I am afraid we shall have a worse situation than we have today. In my opinion we should retain some measure of control in order to keep a reasonable balance and not let things run away, as has happened in the United States.

What shall we do about the price of products sold for export? Let me illustrate in respect to cheese. It is a product that most Westerners are not producing, but I am choosing that commodity deliberately so you can consider it more objectively. We are exporting to Great Britain two out of every three pounds produced in Canada. We have a contract for two years. It is a fairly satisfactory price. However, we have to compete with New Zealand. Their cost of producing milk and cheese is very much lower than ours, and always will be. If our costs and prices are relatively high in Canada, the question is, how much more will the British people pay us for our product? If they will not pay much more for our cheese than they will for the New Zealand product, will we go out of the export business altogether? Remember, cheese is the export commodity for the whole dairy industry of Canada. If we are going to maintain that export market—if we consider it in the best interest of the dairy industry of Canada to find an outlet for a portion of its product, are we going to assure those producers a satisfactory return? If so, are we going to subsidize the production of cheese in Canada? Are cheese producers going to get, for example, 25 cents from Britain and five cents from Canada for every pound they export?

IN war years we did not ask for subsidies. We did not approve of them. The government introduced them as a very necessary part of its price ceiling program, and we accepted them on that understanding. We do not like the idea of the farmer getting his price partly from the consumer and partly from the government. It is not nearly so satisfactory as getting all the price from the consumer. I do not know what the final decision in this matter will have to be; I am merely reporting to you some of the difficult decisions on which we, as representing the farmers of Canada, are asked to advise.

I doubt whether there is any group in Canada more welcome in government offices in Ottawa than the Canadian Federation of Agriculture. We can see the Minister at any time. When we do, we not only take him farm opinion, but we act in an advisory capacity. The ministry looks to us for constructive help. For instance, there has been an increase in the price of whole milk. Officials say to us, "What appropriate action should be taken with respect to milk products?" We say the ceiling should be raised on butter and cheese in Canada. That is easy to do if Donald Gordon would agree, and there is no particular reason why he should not. But that only disposes of one pound of cheese out of three. What are we going to do with the other two?

That brings us to a consideration of a program of stabilization. Farmers the world over want to know, and they have a right to know, what price they may expect next year, the year following, and perhaps the year after that. The London Economist, a journal which enjoys world-wide prestige, declares, "The food producers' problem has been intolerable and unnecessarily unstable. No manufacturer is left in complete ignorance of the price which he will receive

Turn to page 17



AS OTHERS SEE US

Canadians Classified

STANDING on the crowded deck as the Mauretania berthed at Halifax on a cold grey December day in 1944, I guess my thoughts were much the same as the other women's on the boat—What would Canada be like? and what lay in store for each one of us in this, our new country?

The willingness the Canadian Red Cross workers showed to help, and the friendly smiles and good wishes they gave as we boarded a monstrous train that was to speed us to our new homes, I will long remember.

The scenery for a good part of the journey was thick, heavy snowflakes that clung to the train windows and obscured all vision beyond them. When at last the windows were clear, endless miles of prairie under a blanket of snow rolled by and I joined in the chorus of groans and my thoughts matched the desolate emptiness before me.

With the slowing down of the train, my good spirits returned. We had arrived, my baby son and I, at a small prairie town, just outside of which we were to make our home until my husband came back from overseas.

I felt very much at home right away as though I had always lived among these people, my new neighbors, whom I recognized for their worth as honest hard working people of the soil. In full, very genial, friendly and outspoken, and there's a quiet courage and strength one feels when one is talking to them.

There is the odd Canadian one meets who is not quite so likeable. He is the fellow who cannot wait to be introduced before he's away into a lengthy discussion on how the country you've just left should be run; that your government is plain no good, and that if he had his way he would kick the whole works out and appoint a new one. And why doesn't someone do something about the slums? A pity Hitler didn't do a better job. I think it's about time someone made blowbags like these realize that they don't have to look far beyond their own back doors to see some people living in just as filthy hovels and in

some cases worse than the slums they're referring to.

Also, I find in Canada that there are "snobs." Canadians like to tell you that in their democratic land there is no class distinction, but there is even in this small town. One either lives on the right or the wrong side of the railway track.

Canada is a great nation, but like all nations she has disadvantages as well as her advantages, and her people are fine and courageous. I've learnt to love both Canada and her people. I'm trying hard to be a good Canadian, but always I'll hold dearest to my heart my own native England, to me a nation above all nations.—G.A.W.

Life In A Goldfish Bowl

HALIFAX loomed ahead amid a fine drizzle and scurrying snowflakes! A depressing sight for a first impression of Canada, but we felt a mixture of overpowering excitement combined with a slight apprehension for our future. Soon the large trains were transporting us to our various destinations and fate decreed that I should arrive at a small prairie town.

My first impression was the vastness and loneliness of the prairie lands and I missed the unexpected pleasure of an English village "just around the corner." The eyes of a hungry Europe are turned towards this rich fertile land and Canada can be justly proud of her share in this humanitarian gesture.

I really think the Canadian custom of "showers" is one of my nicest experiences, and the household gifts I received were a tremendous help in "starting up house." I also have the greatest admiration for the ladies who organize the various meetings in these small districts. Country life is indeed rich in communal life.

I was surprised at the hardness of an average farm wife's life. Hers is no easy lot without running water or electricity—two modern conveniences that should be immediately installed on a farm.

I have but one criticism to offer, and that is the extreme curiosity and inquisitiveness of country folk, which is a trifle disconcerting at times. The majority of Canadians do not appear to have "the life and death" attitude towards their political affairs that exists in Europe. I do think they tend to jeopardize the progress of their country by this lack of interest.

Radio programs are commercialized to a great extent, and although I believe competition in any enterprise to be advantageous, I do miss the variety of symphonic concerts and operas and plays from literature that we had in England.

The educational system in Canada is a good one and every child here, irrespective of wealth and social influence, has the same

chance to enter college and university. Other countries take note!

These are my collective impressions of six months in Canada and I still have time to alter my views later on.—J.L.J.

Tuition Repaid

DURING the war Canadian servicemen opened my eyes to many faults I had, consciously or unconsciously, overlooked in my country, England. I think many of us, here or elsewhere, might quite beneficially be shaken out of our complacency and see ourselves as others see us.

In stating my impressions, I would say that my problems become easier and life more amenable as time goes by—not, however, without effort on the part of myself and those with whom I come in frequent contact.

It is not easy to adapt oneself to western farm life after life in busy, modern cities. Most of us are unused to the bad country roads and are somewhat desolated to find that not only are we snowbound in winter, but also mud-bound a large part of the summer. Unfortunately, too, is the fact that the average Canadian farm wife is deprived of most modern domestic conveniences to which most British girls are accustomed.

The first objects, of course, which received our clamorous attention were your stores—it was glorious to buy almost an abundance

of food and clothes. Your storekeepers, too, I have found extremely courteous and anxious to oblige.

My first feeling towards my neighbors was one of overwhelming gratitude for their material generosity and helpful advice, but I would like to suggest—utterly without animosity—that the greatest kindness they could possibly do the stranger in their midst, would be to refrain from what seems to be an inevitable public discussion and criticism of the girl who is probably having a hard time adjusting herself to an exceedingly quiet life after the hazards and constant excitements of wartime England.

Perhaps some of the people who comprise the small rural communities could consider the psychological upheaval involved in transplanting oneself from the midst of family and friends to a new country, and bear in mind therefore that if some of the actions of the war bride seem to them unorthodox or unusual (I am not, of course, excusing the conduct of any girl who chooses to ride rough-shod over the feelings of her new neighbors)—she may be doing so only as a temporary concession to a perhaps slight feeling of frustration, loneliness or boredom, and that, eventually, with her adjustment will come interests to compensate for what she has forsaken.

It may take a little time, but eventually Canada will command the pride and affection that we brides feel for the country now so far away.—J.C.

Advertising Overdone

I MUST begin my remarks by saying that I have found a great deal to admire about Canada, and Canadian ways of looking at things, and that the warmest friendship has been extended to me by many Canadians; and that if I had it to do all over again I would do exactly as I have done. Even if the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth had been told me before coming here, I might still have done the same thing, but it would have been fairer because I would have come better prepared to meet what faced me.

Perhaps it is human nature for a young man to present the best possible picture to the woman he wants to marry, but I still think the men who did the most, in the long run, to blacken Canada's reputation

Turn to page 36



Ex-servicemen's brides and children on the companion way of the Scythia just before landing at Halifax.

[Courtesy Dept. of National Defence.]

In the September issue The Guide offered prizes for the best letters from British brides of Canadian ex-servicemen on their first impressions of Canada. The editors knew that the many kindnesses shown these girls would be reflected in the letters. But we were after more than compliments so we encouraged our correspondents to include any unfavorable impressions they might have received. We assured them Canadians could take it. Out of the flood of letters received, eight have been selected for publication. Obviously authors' names must be withheld.

THE Dallas Heart

by
**GEORGE
ETHELBERT
WALSH**

I WAS lost in the dismal old swamp, and night was coming!

It had been such a wild goose chase that I almost doubted my sanity. I had come secretly to Swamp Hollow to meet old Abner Longwood—and here I was, bogged and lost in a morass of watery waste that completely bewildered me.

It was all on account of Nancy Lee and a spirit of adventure. Nancy and I had chummed together, starved together and laughed together at the pranks fate played on us; but when Nancy had been laid up in a hospital as the result of an accident I had undertaken to salvage a part of the Longwood fortune that belonged to her.

From what Nancy had told me, Uncle Abner was a special kind of scoundrel who would rob the living and the dead, and to try to obtain restitution from him now, after the lapse of so many years, was like seeking gold from the sea; but I had undertaken the mission for Nancy's sake, with the result that I found myself in a predicament that terrified me.

Her Uncle Abner had brought on a family quarrel and driven her mother away from her home in Wildwood—where she had lost caste through a mistake or as the result of mischief-makers—to begin a life of disgrace and drudgery in the city. And there she had remained until something had broken, and Nancy had been left an orphan among strange people.

Not satisfied with this, Abner Longwood had appropriated to his own use all that belonged to Nancy, robbing her of her inheritance through legal technicalities.

There had been a considerable fortune that the Dallas sisters had inherited from old Judge Dallas. But the management of the estate had fallen into Abner's hands. And when he had married Janice, the older of the two sisters, he had had everything his own way.

When I had learned the sordid details of Nancy's early life, I had tried to induce her to go to law about it. But she had refused to do anything—she would not even write to demand her mother's share.

In a moment of misdirected enthusiasm I had volunteered to undertake the mission. I had decided to go to Wildwood and try by force, persuasion or flattery to induce the old man to consider Nancy's needs.

ABNER Longwood lived—a silent, sullen recluse, with not even a servant—in the very heart of the dismal swamp. When I had learned of this, I had been certain I could frighten or cajole him into parting with some of his stolen possessions.

The man, I had reasoned, was suffering from the torments of an uneasy conscience.

But I had not bargained on getting lost in the swamp, with night approaching. I had halted finally on the banks of a dark pool of mud and slime, completely submerged in the shadow of the swamp, when I heard a splash and the welcome sound of a human voice.

"Hello!" it called.

There was a young man, as mud-spattered as I was, gazing across the treacherous pool at me. I was so relieved by the sight of him as a possible rescuer that I smiled, and exclaimed:

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!"

"I guess it's mutual!" he laughed good-naturedly. "I was hoping to see some one. But I didn't expect to find a water nymph bogged in this awful hole. May I come across?"

"I couldn't prevent you if I wanted to, which I don't," I answered with so much relief in my voice that he noticed it.

"Lost?" he added a few moments later when he stood before me.

There was blood on his hands and clothes, which I could not fail to observe, and his face was rough and bristly with a two days' beard. But for all that it was handsome.

"Why should you think that?" I asked, smiling. "Do I look so forlorn?"

"Yes, I think you do," he nodded after a moment's keen scrutiny. "And I—I'm lost, too—that is, a little turned around. I won't say actually lost. I suppose any one could find his way out of this dismal hole if he kept going straight in any one direction."

"Yes," I nodded, "but what's to prevent you from wandering around and around in a circle? I've heard that lost people do that in a thick woods or swamp."

"I don't believe it!" he declared. "It's a bogey old gossips tell to frighten children."

He looked at the dark pool at my feet, and then at his hands and clothes, both mud-spattered and blood-stained.

"I'll wash up," he said in a matter-of-fact voice. I watched him go through his ablutions, washing his hands and face by throwing the water up and swishing it around, making a great time of it, splashing and snorting, and finally flinging his head like a shaggy dog to clear his eyes and hair.

When he came to cleaning the blood from his shirt sleeve, my curiosity was aroused. He had betrayed no cut or scratch to account for the blood.

"You've scratched yourself?" I said.

"Yes—no," he stammered in confusion. "Why, yes, I suppose I have, and you're cut and scratched. Look at the blood on your arms."

"It's nothing," I murmured faintly. "I fell and cut myself."

"Let me see it," he added masterfully, taking the arm and examining it. "I'll wash it for you."

He was much gentler this time, almost tender in the way he washed the dirt out of the scratch. Once or twice he paused to look at it and then at me. He shook his head finally, and said:

"You don't live around here."

"No. And you?"

He laughed pleasantly, and admitted: "I'm a stranger, too."

We sat and smiled, appraising each other frankly, and not out of the corners of our eyes.

We were not children; we had both passed that period when a chance meeting tempts one to flirt or make believe; we were neither bashful nor awkward in each other's society, although we were alone and lost in the heart of a great swamp.

WE were frankly sophisticated, and because we recognized kindred spirits we felt at ease, and liked each other all the more for it.

"You haven't told me yet," he added after a long pause, smiling half humorously, "why you happen to be alone in this dismal old hole. It's the last place in the world one would expect to find—find..."

He paused to glance at me questioningly before finishing.

"... well, to find a young lady of your quality."

He was grave and sincere, even though his eyes twinkled.

"Quality," I said, "is so indefinite. If you'd said beautiful I'd understand."

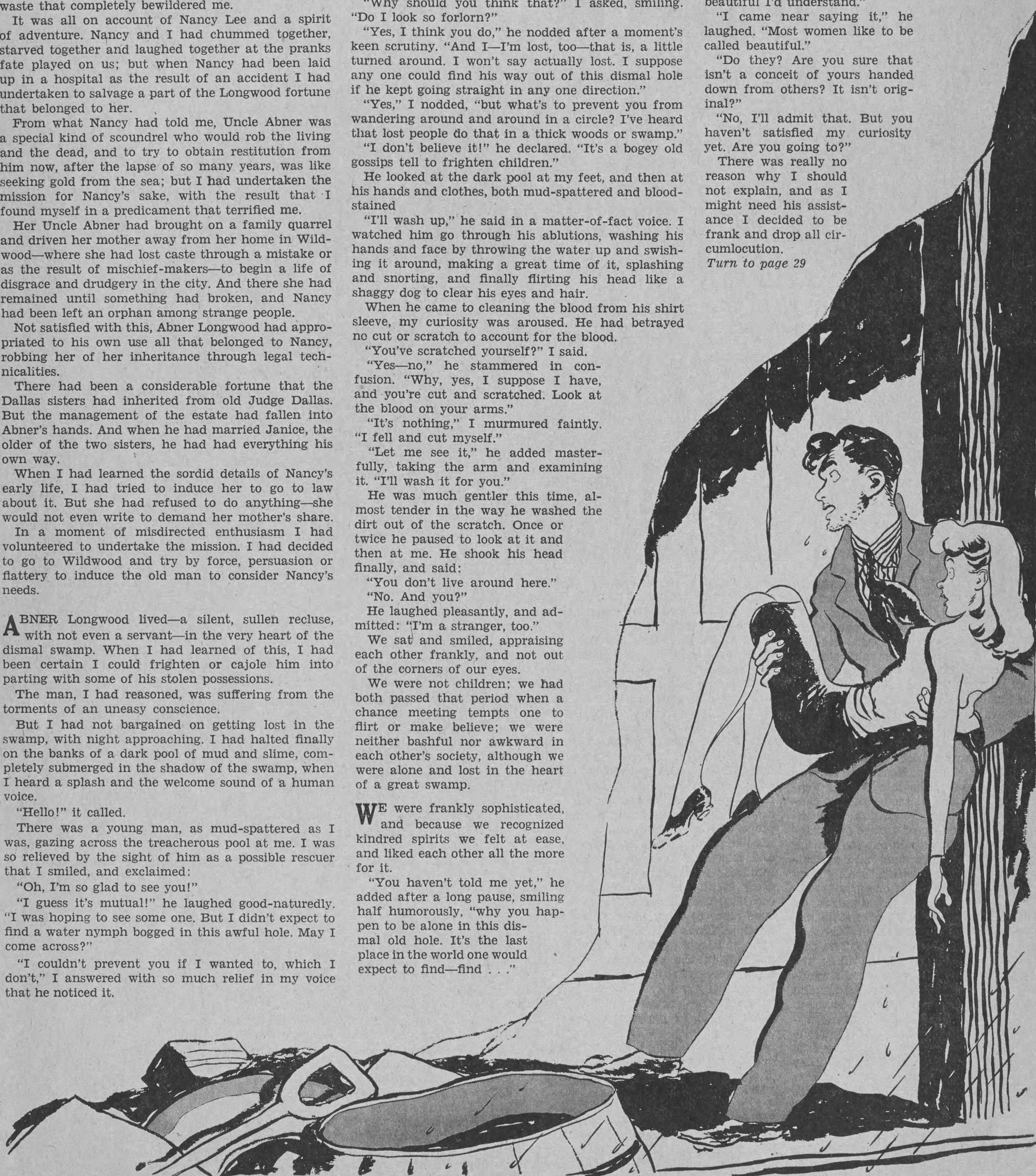
"I came near saying it," he laughed. "Most women like to be called beautiful."

"Do they? Are you sure that isn't a conceit of yours handed down from others? It isn't original?"

"No, I'll admit that. But you haven't satisfied my curiosity yet. Are you going to?"

There was really no reason why I should not explain, and as I might need his assistance I decided to be frank and drop all circumlocution.

Turn to page 29



Some Royal Winter Fair Winners

Top: Jarvis Type, Grand Champion steer, shown by F. W. Reicheld & Son, Jarvis, Ont.

Left: Searle Sensation, Champion grade and Crossbred and Reserve Grand Champion steer, shown by R. M. Smith, Brandon.

Right: Searle Clarina, Grand Champion Shorthorn female; shown by Searle Farms, East Selkirk, Man.

Lower: Brandon Nixie Eva, first prize two-year-old Jersey in milk; shown by Brandon Creamery & Supply Co.



originated in Ontario. Quebec was a heavy exhibitor and there were strong exhibits in some classes, notable dairy cattle, from some of the States. Aside from New York, Minnesota, Illinois, and Michigan, however, American exhibits were not notable. The Maritime Provinces, particularly Nova Scotia, were strong in some breeds, especially Jerseys, but there were exhibits from all nine provinces. Dairy cattle classes were very heavy. Holsteins and Ayrshires were outstanding; and the latter alone provided

tion.) Manitoba also secured championship honors in the alfalfa seed classes, with an exhibit presented by Mike Caper, Meleb. In Yorkshire swine, Alex. McPhail, Brandon, and Roy Tolton, Otterburne, did well, the latter securing first and junior championship on his March boar.

Saskatchewan provided 99 entries, with dairy cattle, swine and seeds each furnishing about 25 per cent and the balance mostly heavy horses. Least successful with dairy cattle, 19 heavy horse entries yielded a first and 12 other prizes, Robert Thomas, Grandora, taking the first with Paragon Isabelle, a Belgian brood mare. A single entry in the Angus breeding classes brought a reserve senior championship to R. M. Beattie, Kinistino, on Spruce Grove Epsonian, a senior yearling bull. In swine (Yorkshires) out of 27 entries, Saskatchewan did well, with three first and 17 other prizes. Charles Harlton & Son, Belle Plain, took home the junior female championship on a March sow and also reserve senior and reserve grand championship on an older female. In seed classes the province also did well, taking the grand championship in oats, three firsts and 22 other prizes.

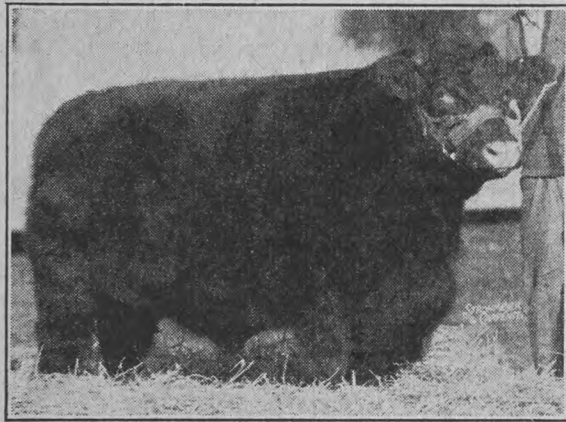
Alberta probably shares honors with Manitoba, now that the smoke of battle has disappeared. Her 133 entries were good enough to bring in nine honors of championship calibre, 25 first prizes and 72 other prizes. Hampshire and Suffolk sheep accounted for 53 Alberta entries which yielded 12 first prizes, four championships or reserves and 23 other prizes. In both breeds the contest was straight Ontario-Alberta and Alberta did well. In Hampshires, J. H. Altonby, Calgary, took the ram championship, Harold Trentham, Morrin, the ewe championship and P. J. Rock & Sons, Drumheller, five other firsts. In Suffolks, Victor Watson, Airdrie, showed the champion ram; Arthur C. B. Grenville, Morrin, the reserve championship and P. J. Rock & Sons the reserve championship for females. All but one of the firsts in this breed went to Alberta. In heavy horses, Lawrence M. Rye, Edmonton, secured two firsts, a junior male championship and the Watson Challenge Cup in Clydesdales, winning the junior championship with the two-year-old Massed Review. In Percherons, Hardy E. Salter, Calgary, won the reserve senior championship with the yeld mare Starlight Koncarness. In Herefords, where John Stuart Jr., Peterborough, Ont., cleaned up most of the firsts and championships with animals of WHR breeding, W. J. Edgar, Innisfail, Alberta, won the junior yearling bull class and reserve senior championship with Stanway Domino LRD 242nd; and Frank Collicutt, Crossfield, a first on a lone senior yearling bull entry, Triumph Blanchard MRC 33rd. In seeds the grand championships in barley and in hard red spring wheat went to Alberta, as well as the reserve in wheat. Altogether, nine seed entries produced three championship honors, three first and four other prizes.

B RITISH Columbia entries were much less widely distributed throughout the show and were concentrated in Ayrshire and Jersey cattle classes and in seeds and potatoes. With a total of 49 entries, B.C. acquired five firsts and 28 other prizes, of which two firsts and sixteen other prizes were secured in the Jersey classes. Here, E. C. Milward & Son, Aldergrove, took away the junior championship with a senior yearling bull, Fairmeade Lady Pilot Conqueror and Fairmeade Farms Ltd., Milne, offered strong competition, especially in the female classes. In the exceptionally strong Ayrshire classes, Oliver N. Wells, Sardis, competed frequently and won a first in the junior yearling bull class with Edenbank Robin Beauty, annexing also several other lesser prizes.

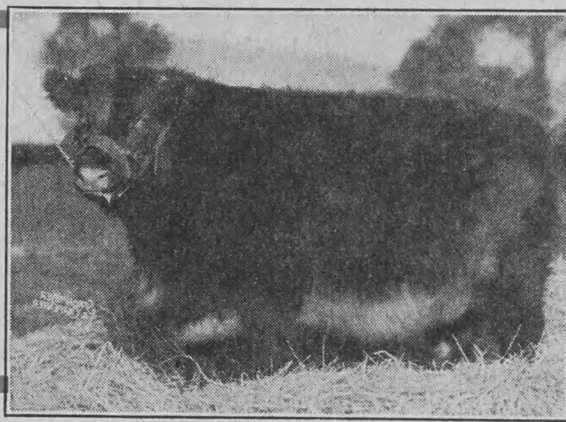
Incidentally, 14,000 square feet of floor

Turn to page 48

THE ROYAL COMES BACK



The eighteenth Royal Winter Fair marked the Silver Anniversary of the big show and western exhibits did credit to their owners.

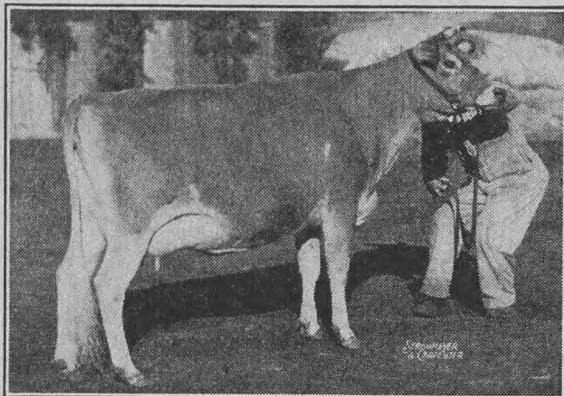


By H. S. FRY

MORE than any other city in Canada, the City of Toronto is "show conscious." Inhabitants of the city are very proud of the great annual summer exhibition which has acquired an international reputation, in fact as well as in name, as the Canadian National Exhibition. Toronto has invested many millions of dollars in the C.N.E., and its beautiful location on the lake front adjacent to old Fort York, with its memories of the Upper Canada of days gone by, gives to the C.N.E. a unique advantage.

Toronto's proud tradition as an exhibition city was well developed as long as 30 years ago, and as one good habit tends to develop others, it was not surprising that Toronto should also be ambitious to be host to a great Canadian winter fair. I do not recall when the first audible stirrings of this ambitious project were heard, but I do recall that for a long time before the Royal Winter Fair even approached reality, one could hardly enter the lounge of the old Prince George Hotel in Toronto without hearing the late George Pepper talk about what seemed at the time to be a fantastic proposition. This involved the erection of a huge and magnificent building, to house the world's greatest light horse show and agricultural winter fair, wherein "society" and the farm would mix in one grand, glittering spectacle under Royal patronage, to the glory of Canada, of agriculture, and particularly, perhaps, of Toronto.

Well, the dream came true. The City Fathers warmed up to the idea; the agricultural fraternity acquired a gradual but solid enthusiasm; the Dominion and provincial governments came to look with a cautious, but friendly approval on the proposal; Royal patronage was readily secured; and in 1922 Canada's Royal Agricultural Winter Fair blossomed forth in a huge new Coliseum erected for the purpose. It caught on quickly. Sandwiched between the New York Horse Show and the International Fat Stock Show at Chicago, the Royal brought to Toronto many exhibitors of farm livestock and



jumping and harness horses for the evening performances. Added to these were poultry, seeds, flowers, fruit, vegetables and pet stock.

Torontonians loved it. They liked watching, from a comfortable seat at the ringside, the parade of fine livestock, the proud carriage of the massive beef, dairy and heavy draught sires, the perfect forms of the beautiful Ayrshire cows and the sleek, demure little Jerseys. They thrilled at the sight of the jumpers entered in the light horse show and hugged themselves with delight when the spectacular hackney ponies came out in harness and raced around the big arena in glittering trappings, with heads high and knees working like pistons. They liked the top hats and expensive furs of Toronto's four hundred, who poured into the boxes every evening and gave glamor to the occasion. They found, too, that it was a good place to bring the children in the daytime. There were the dogs, cats, pigeons and tropical fish to engage them; and out in the warm, spacious barns there were cute little calves nuzzling their mothers, little Jerseys, perhaps, with soft doe-like eyes, or stubby little black Angus, or perhaps a little litter of tiny piglets, busily nudging their dams, or sleeping huddled together, half buried in straw. There were plenty of opportunities at the Royal to delight and interest the children.

IN the purely agriculture classes and exclusive of the poultry, pet stock and light horses, it is probable that around sixty per cent of the catalog entries

more than 360 entries. The Jersey cattle exhibit was the most representative of all provinces, only New Brunswick being absent.

Judges for the livestock classes were drawn from four provinces and about a dozen states. Ontario supplied the majority. Eight came from the four western provinces: T. P. Devlin, Winnipeg (Clydesdales); Dean J. W. G. MacEwan, University of Manitoba (National Rural Club Contests); Carl Roberts, St. Adolphe, Manitoba (Percherons and Belgians); J. Charles Yule, Calgary (Market Cattle); Dean R. D. Sinclair, University of Alberta (Yorkshires); F. Higgenson, Millet, Alberta (turkeys, standard varieties); John Stephen, Vermilion, Alberta (Oxford Downs and Suffolks); and S. H. Shannon, Cloverdale, B.C. (Ayrshires).

WESTERN livestock entries numbered something over 400, and their competitive quality is indicated by the fact that their combined honors total more than 300. No strictly accurate over-all picture is possible owing to faulty cataloging and the difficulty of harmonizing official awards with catalog entries, but as careful an examination as possible under the circumstances indicates that Manitoba made around 156 entries in livestock and seed classes and secured 20 firsts, seven championships and 67 other prizes. Over half of her entries were in the heavy horse classes, from which she emerged with seven firsts and 23 other prizes, outside of the draught classes. Nestor Lombaert, Mariapolis, secured senior and grand championship honors on Echo Dale Filo Farceur, his aged Belgian stallion. Searle Farms, East Selkirk, achieved junior and grand championship awards on Searle Clarina, a senior heifer Shorthorn calf; and R. M. Smith, Brandon, was nosed out by an eyelash for the grand championship in steers. Result: He got three dollars a pound for his steer, at auction, instead of the \$13 per pound paid for the champion exhibited by F. W. Reicheld, Jarvis, Ontario. (The champion steer in the boys' and girls' club contest brought \$5.50 per pound at auc-

By
Ruth Comfort Mitchell

FIVE SET FORTH

IN A

CHRISTMAS FOG

Illustration by
Harold English

CHRISTMAS EVE, and a London fog, yellow and thick and furry, a blinding, bewildering thing; Christmas Eve, and a merry stir in houses of fortune—Yule logs, holly wreaths, mistletoe; suckling pigs with succulent apples in their jaws, smiling boars' heads, plum puddings with the blue fierce flame of brandy, goblets of hale red wine; roasted goose in lesser abodes, mugs of good ale—a hint of holiday cheer in almost the meanest alley and hovel.

Christmas Eve, and indoors lights and laughing, and out of doors a London fog, close, breathless, very nearly tangible to the touch, and five persons setting forth in it in the course of the evening, setting forth from wide and various quarters of the city to meet and mingle, seen and unseen, to help and to hinder, before the faint greying in the east should herald the Christmas dawn.

The Watch was the first, a decent, honest body, leaving the sober cheer of his own dwelling and striding forth with his dog—leashed tonight against the treacherous veil of fog—and his lantern and his bell and his halberd, and calling out lustily the first of his night cries which guarded the other men's houses:

"Lantern! Lantern! with a whole candle,
That honest men that walk along
May see to pass safe without wrong!"

It made a comfortable, heartening sound through the film of silence.

And the second to sally forth was a tall young stripling, a soldier by dress and bearing, let cautiously out of the King's palace by a secret door, one hand clapped hard against the pocket of his coat and in his bold young eyes a look of purpose and high pride.

The next was a dark and sinister fellow enough, who left his vile alley and crept—with a stealth and cunning which seemed to be native to him—to a certain low taproom where two stout rogues waited to attend him on a villainous enterprise.

ALMOST at the same time the fourth left his pitiful poor garret and set his face toward a prouder section of the city, and squared his old shoulders for a long tramp, hoisting his tray of pies to his head and crying:

"All hot! All hot! All hot!
Penny pies, all hot!
Fruit, beef, veal, or kidney pies!
All hot! All hot! All hot!"

But the odd thing was that he seemed to care little or nothing for business that Christmas Eve; he halted reluctantly when a customer groped his way to him through the fog, got briskly through with him and hurried on again, calling, it seemed, more from force of habit than thrifty zeal.

The fifth was later than all; she did not enter her coach and brave the murky streets until after the performance at Drury Lane Theatre, for she was Mistress Moyra O'Toole, late of Dublin, idol now of London and toast of the town, and she wore still her costume of the play and carried a tall shepherd's crook with a queer little nosegay tied to the top of it.

And then there was one who did not set forth at all, but bided snug and warm in his great house, sitting silent in the centre of a big and shining room,



She looked at him for a long instant, contentedly, out of her blue, black-fringed eyes, and her mouth grew soft.

with a look, somehow, of a spider, a very clever and patient spider who had spun his web and 'could wait serenely for the inevitable catch. He was a man of rather worse than sixty, with an eye and a voice that never brought child or dog to his knee, an exquisite creature, excellently turned out, from the jewel-studded silver buckles on his shoes to the shadowy Brussels lace in his sleeves, from the perfection of his headdress to the gem of a snuff box in his manicured hand: Sylvester Godfrey Trevison, peer of England, called often "Beau" Trevison.

Beside him was a delicate-legged table with decanters and glasses, and every time he took snuff he helped himself to a moderate drink, and every time he swallowed the liquor he took snuff again, so that his fine hands were very nearly always in motion, and his eyes clung eagerly to the door which led into his garden, and he was listening with an intensity that was almost audible.

It was a noble room in which he waited, a room with a look of race and history: There were rapiers

on the wall, and duelling pistols in their velvet case, and proud portraits looking down disdainfully, and suits of ancient armor, and rare old books.

Presently there came a timid tap at the door leading into the corridor and a pallid man-servant came timidly forward. "If you please, sir, Your Lordship," he said, not meeting his master's eyes, "might I 'ave the hevening hoff, sir? It's my haged mother, sir, lies sick of a quinsey, and—and—"

"And when would you be back, my good Simon?" asked the gentleman suavely.

The fellow took heart at that. "Oh—very soon hafter midnight, sir, thanking you kindly!"

SIR Sylvester struck the small table's edge a blow with his fist so that the glasses leapt, and danced together and one rolled to the floor and broke with a thin tinkle. "After midnight, eh? You scurvy knave! You white-livered, craven fool! So you've been listening to fiddle-faddle and poppy-cock below stairs, have you, till your addle-pate's full of it! What have they told you? Come, sirrah! Where's your tongue?"

The valet grew still more pale. "Craving your pardon, sir, Your Lordship, me being new to Your Lordship's service, w'y Cook, she said, and Boots, 'e was telling me . . ."

"Never mind who told you!" the Beau thundered. "I know their wagging, lying tongues, the whole craven crew of them, and every knave and wench of them out of my house and service this night on one pretext or another! What did they tell you? Speak out, fool, or I'll find means to make you!" His malevolent eye flew to the rapiers on the wall.

"Well, they do say, sir, that hevery Christmas heve there come to this 'ouse the ghost of the young gentleman's—your nephew's—mother, sir, 'er has was halways called 'The White Lady,' being has she never 'ad color in 'er lips or 'er cheeks again hafter the day 'er husband was killed in battle, sir, your brother, sir, Your Lordship, begging your pardon. They do say she comes to his 'ouse and makes 'er moan, halong of grieving hover the young gentleman, Master Roger. And they do say there's a Pieman, him has Master Roger used to run hafter when 'e was a little lad, comes hevery Christmas heve, habout the time she

comes, and gives a cry that is like to chill a body's blood, sir, and make a body's 'air stand on hend! And they do say . . ."

"Hold your poltroon's tongue!" shouted the gentleman, springing suddenly to his feet! "Off with you! Out of my house—and see that you stay away until 'after midnight'—tonight and every night, sirrah! I'm done with you! Out of my sight!"

The valet's knees knocked together and he essayed to speak, to beg and plead perhaps, but there was that in the peer's face which turned him on his heel and sped him headlong out of the room.

Then Sir Sylvester seated himself again, fluffed himself again, fluffed out the ruffles at his wrists and summoned back his composure by aid of ripe old vintage and golden snuff, and set himself again to

Turn to page 24

THE Country GUIDE

with which is Incorporated

THE NOR'-WEST FARMER and FARM AND HOME.

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R. S. LAW, President

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WINNIPEG, DECEMBER, 1946

No. 12

A Merry Christmas

The Country Guide wishes all its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. It will be the second midwinter festive season since the clouds of war cleared away and the sun of peace again shone over the world. It is a fitful peace but all hope is not gone that the eternal message, On Earth, Peace, Goodwill Toward Men shall eventually rule the counsels of the nations. In this Canada of ours, the Christmas Season can surely be celebrated with joy and thanksgiving. Few indeed are the nations which enjoy either its present measure of abundance or its future prospect of prosperity. It is the first postwar Christmas and New Year season when thousands of families are again united. Without forgetting those at whose festive board there are vacant chairs let us all, therefore, enter into the spirit of the Christmas season. In that spirit The Country Guide again wishes all its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Control or Decontrol?

Down in the United States they scrapped price controls and immediately the prices of many commodities started to go places and do things. In the Eastern States, a deficit food producing area, they went positively loco. One Boston paper joyously announced that the price of T-bone steak had dropped 15 cents a pound. After decontrol it had shot up to \$1.50 but later fell back to a mere \$1.35. Other mountain peaks attained were: Butter, \$1.25; sliced bacon, \$1.65; oatmeal, 15 cents a pound, and city milk, 23 cents a quart. Canadian delegates to the United Nations Conference had to pay \$1.75 for a breakfast of two eggs, toast and coffee.

Food prices were not the only ones to go rocketing into the stratosphere and they would not be the only ones to shoot up here. Donald Gordon, in his broadcasts on price controls and subsidies, gave a few examples of the price adjustments that would be necessary without them. Dealing with cotton goods he said that men's \$2.50 shirts would rise 40 per cent; men's \$2.25 combinations, 33 per cent; women's \$2.00 cotton house dresses, 35 per cent; bed linen would go up 42 per cent, and diapers, 40 per cent.

The apostles of decontrol tell us that the way to control prices is for the people to refuse to buy at the higher levels. Fancy telling a housewife, with hungry children to feed, not to buy at exorbitant prices. What would she use for food for her hungry children? Is a man to go without a shirt to his back until prices come down? Long before that he would be without combinations too. There would be little encouragement for larger families if the increased prices of diapers and other items of the layette were to eat up the baby bonus.

No law or regulation can be enforced in a democratic country if the people are not behind it. In the United States the people, or too many of them, got out from behind the policy of price control. The black market flourished and spread until the policy broke down.

Chaos followed and are the profiteers making a cleanup! We want no duplication of that in this country. To avoid it, the removal of controls must come gradually, commodity by commodity, and only when the supply of each commodity is abundant enough to give competition a ghost of a chance to keep prices within reason. That is the policy of the W.P.T.B. and if the people of Canada know where their best interests lie, they will stand solidly behind it.

Retreat From Statesmanship

The unilateral arrangements now being made between the provinces and the Dominion are a long retreat from the statesmanship of the Royal Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations. One conference after another was sabotaged by the central provinces until the federal government despaired of an over-all, all-in agreement. An offer of individual agreements was then made to the provinces. In return for the income, corporation and inheritance taxes the provinces which come in will receive \$15 per capita annually plus five per cent on net corporate income within their boundaries. New Brunswick was the first to sign the agreement, followed by Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Nova Scotia refused the terms but is drawing up a counter offer, so that the matter is not closed. Alberta has indicated her willingness to enter a tax agreement as a temporary measure. It is possible that by next spring seven of the nine provinces will have come under the new arrangement which extends for five years. That would leave Ontario and Quebec, the two richest provinces, going their own way.

The federal government holds a strong hand in this game. It cannot coerce a province, which can have its taxing powers back, if it wants them, after the wartime agreements expire, which will be March 31 next for Ontario and Quebec. But the central authority can continue, and will continue, to collect income, corporation and inheritance taxes. What the recalcitrant provinces are faced with therefore, is double taxation. They don't like the idea. That is why, just before the provinces started forming in line to sign, Premier Drew of Ontario laid down a barrage on Prime Minister Mackenzie King. He demanded another conference. The prime minister, mindful of the way Colonel Drew had snatched the rug out from under the last conference, refused to be moved. He is now letting the Colonel stew in his own juice. As for Mr. Duplessis, he simply says No, No, in French, and turns to Quebec's other business.

What the taxpayers of Ontario and Quebec or any other recalcitrant province will say when the second set of income tax forms arrive will be known in time. They don't like the prospect of filling out two sets of forms and paying two taxes instead of one. They will probably become vocal when the prospect becomes a reality. They may extract what comfort they can from the realization that their governments got what they asked for—a return of the power to tax incomes, corporations and estates.

Responsibility to Parliament

The election in the United States resulted in a situation that could not exist in this or any other nation of the British Commonwealth. The Republicans captured both houses of Congress by decisive majorities, while the Democratic administration has still two years to go. It is difficult to see how a program of positive legislation can come out of that combination.

Under the British system, the cabinet is responsible to parliament and must enjoy the confidence, or at least the support, of a majority of the House of Commons or get out. When a prime minister finds the political weather too turbulent for safe navigation he can go to the country. Events may take various courses but a general election is usually the result. The matter is settled by the people, which seems to be quite a democratic procedure. When a party loses out at the polls, the party which returns the largest number of representatives forms the government. This procedure grew up in Britain, whose constitution is not a written document, but an organic growth of custom and precedent, the product of centuries of political evolution. Hence its flexibility.

The American constitution, on the other hand, is a pre-fabricated structure, subject to alteration by amendments but rigid in its main frame work. For example, elections can be held only at constitutionally prescribed intervals. Hence the present situation, with one party in control of the legislative arm of the government and the other party in control of the administration. The system of checks and balances, carefully provided by the fathers of the constitution, threatens to be chiefly a system of checks, at least until another presidential election.

Canada also has a pre-fabricated constitution, the British North America Act. It is open, in large measure, to the same criticism of rigidity as the American constitution. In writing the B.N.A. Act, however, the fathers of confederation chose the British system of the



GRASSICK IN THE FINANCIAL POST.

responsibility of the government to parliament. They could have chosen the American system, or some variant of it, but wisely refrained. The result is, that in this particular, the flexibility of the British system is incorporated in the Canadian constitution. There can be political crises but there cannot be a prolonged deadlock. Several political crises, national and provincial, have occurred since confederation and the issue referred to the people. In most cases they have shown that they know how to settle such matters.

Peace With Disarmament

Amid all the obscurities and complexities of these international conferences the people are glad to hear occasionally something that is concrete, constructive and understandable. They welcomed Mr. Molotov's suggestion of universal disarmament. They welcomed Secretary Byrnes' acceptance on condition that disarmament would be accompanied by a system of international inspection. They welcomed the hint, later dropped by Mr. Molotov, that the Russian and American viewpoints could be harmonized. Down in their hearts they cannot get away from the feeling that guns and bombs are made to go off and that huge armies trained for war will eventually be blasting away at each other.

Disarmament, like peace or war, has become indivisible. It must be universal to make sense. Most of the rest of the world neglected their armaments while Hitler was building up his war machine and he had overrun most of Europe before they could mobilize enough strength to check him. At first he armed secretly, and surely the world has learned its lesson. It would be fine, if the nations had reached the stage where they could trust each other to the extent that inspection would not be necessary as a safeguard against secret violation. But if one thing has been made crystal clear in the war's aftermath it is that no such trustfulness exists. In these circumstances, the most impressive form that good faith could take would be for each nation to throw its doors wide open and welcome inspection of all industries capable of turning out armaments, by an international body set up for the purpose. The peace will not be secure, nor the nations prosperous, until the threat and the burden of massive war machines are removed, and whatever force is necessary to police the world is internationalized.

A Balanced Budget

Mr. Ilsley justly claims that the government is paying the cost of the war fairly, honestly and safely. To the honorable gentleman himself must go most of the credit, even if he does not claim it personally. As to the future, he makes the qualified promise that despite continuing war and demobilization costs so much progress has been made in reducing expenditures that there is a good chance of balancing the budget.

Just to refresh the memory: The estimates for this fiscal year provided for expenditures of something over \$3,600 million, of which \$1,000 million is for loans and export credits, leaving actual expenditures at around \$2,600 million. It is this latter figure which the revenues are likely to be great enough to cover. The loans and credits to other countries will not and should not be added to the tax bill but raised by borrowing. The nations are hiring the money and presumably they will pay it back. The current sale of government bonds and the prospective loan to be launched next spring will, in reality, raise the money for this purpose.

The income tax is now producing about 58 per cent of the federal revenue. Excise comes next with 22 per cent; the sales tax brings in 12 per cent and customs duties a mere 8 per cent. Mr. Ilsley intimates that the income tax, though reduced, will continue to be the mainstay of federal finance. It is, he says, the tax that is most fairly based on ability to pay.

Under the PEACE TOWER

THERE'S a lot of talk about elections these days. They are saying that this next parliament will blow up. But let me point out one little thing, just one teeny weeny thing; our members of parliament get \$6,000 a year. It ain't hay!

Now let's consider this salary question, and then we can decide whether or not the average Opposition member of parliament wants an election. I suppose I should lay the groundwork briefly by saying this: that the Progressive Conservatives have said they will not agree to "parliamentary pairs" with the government this year, that they say they will fight tooth and nail. The C.C.F. insist they are not going to support the government any more, and will line up with John Bracken, if necessary, rather than be accused of being Mackenzie King appeasers. The Social Credit, who usually say "Me too" when the Tories take a stand, can be sure to follow the Brackenites just like a sheep's tail follows the sheep. Meanwhile, the story is that the government faces the hottest session in 20 years, next January, 1947, and there are crystal gazers here who predict the Liberals will not last out the normal session.

Now let us examine the situation on a cold and hard cash basis. Obviously the Liberals do not want an election. After all, they are on the government side, and they don't care if an election doesn't turn up till the Year of the Blue Moon.

It goes without saying then, that those eager to get into power are the Have-Nots, or the various Opposition parties and fragments. But are they so eager to make a stab at it, beginning next month? I doubt it.

Take a look at those Progressive Conservatives. Half of that Ontario crowd were lucky—very lucky. One man got in through a party split, and sneaked through by 15 votes. Do you think he wants to try it again, in a riding that has been Liberal for the previous 20 years? Another M.P. beat the Liberals in a western Ontario city, thanks to a Liberal row. Again, up in Bruce, there was candidate trouble among the Liberals. The P.C.'s were lucky in Leeds, in Brant, in Lambton-Kent, and in other centres.

What is the average M.P.'s reasoning, whether government or non-government label? It is that he personally does not want to risk his neck any sooner than he has to; that it is all very well for sure-thing party leaders to talk, but they have unlimited funds and safe seats. All the ordinary M.P. has is a vague hope.

In 1940, the number of Conservatives (about 40) hardly changed at all from the 18th parliament which convened for one brief half day in January, and the 19th parliament, which assembled in May. Yet of that 40, around 20 were new faces. This, mind you, without any party turnover. Where there is a big swing, as in 1945, there were approximately 100 new M.P.'s. Consequently, individual Progressive Conservatives, even if confident that the Grand Old Party will win, are not so sure about themselves.

Elections cost money to run. I think the most expensive riding to take in Canada is St. Lawrence-St. George. The late Hon. C. H. Cahan, Secretary of State in the Bennett regime, admitted in Hansard that it cost him over \$125,000 to take the seat one year. Ipso facto, it was no 99-cent bargain when the late Sir Herbert Marler won the seat for the Liberals in 1921. Names change but electioneering facts remain. In 1940, when, with the late Hon. R. J. Manion as leader, the Tory party coffers were empty, the old Cahan machine disintegrated, but parts of

it, with a little help from the King administration, elected Brooke (Baby Bonus) Claxton. I cite these things, not cynically, but to indicate that elections cost money. Let's leave it at that.

Now then, the Progressive Conservatives when they get to Parliament Hill in January, 1947, may well observe that they did not see this place till September, 1945, and that all in all, they have not had a year and a half in office. If I know human nature, they will think that it is too soon to go back and get another mandate. After all, it's nicer in Ottawa in winter than back at Cattail Coulee.

You must not think I am implying that a member wins his \$6,000 per annum stipend easily. Indeed, if he is a good man, he is worth a good deal more than six grand a year to his constituency. Stripped of income tax, of course, the M.P. these days gets a great deal less than the official emolument. I say that a member is worth all he is paid. But I also say that the member likes getting this money. More than that, he probably has planned his future in such a way that it would be inconvenient, awkward and embarrassing to run an election so soon, and that means any time in 1947. (The inside dope here is that the C.C.F. passed up a chance in the British Columbia legislature last session to spill the Hart coalition government on a non-confidence motion; the Winch group insisted they were too poor after the recent provincial election, and therefore had no money to run another one so soon!)

But if an election costs a man approximately one year's sessional stipend, as alleged, then at least \$4,000 has to be dug up before any kind of campaign can be waged. Worse than that, the candidate might lose, not only the \$4,000, but the election as well.

Again, still harping on the fiscal angle—is there honestly any other?—it must be noted that if a vote of non-confidence comes up suddenly, and the government is defeated, Mr. King would as likely as not, clear out the Commons that very day. Mark it—that very day. This would mean that a member, down here for the session, an apartment spoken for, expenses incurred, his home closed for the winter, would have to go through the humiliating expedient of crawling back home, no longer even an M.P., his mail and transportation privileges suddenly cut off, and facing nothing but a cold winter and colder political prospects.

So I come back to my original theme that \$6,000 a year ain't hay. These members of parliament have no desire to give up their jobs just to make a political holiday. The party they love dearly, but they love \$6,000 pretty dearly too. That's why I am just beginning to wonder if the Opposition parties, despite their brave talk, are going to spill Mackenzie King's apple cart after all.



Brooke

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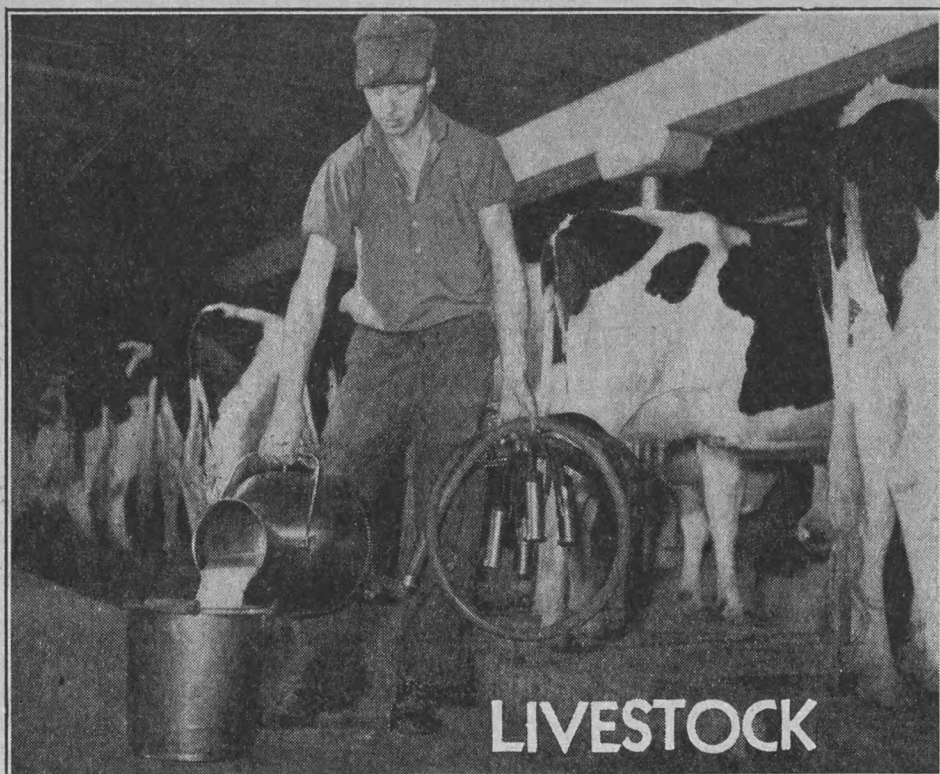
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LIVESTOCK

[Nat. Film Board photo.]
Labor saving devices for livestock rearing are an outstanding need of the livestock industry. Milking machines are among the earliest and most useful of these.

Variation in Feed Quality

DURING recent years, one aspect of livestock feeding has begun to receive some attention, which formerly was recognized only in a general way by farmers and feeders. That is the variation in the quality of feeds, which has been the subject of individual comments by farmers over a long period of years. It has not been uncommon to hear some farmer or feeder say on occasion: "The hay (or the grain) is not as good this year as it was last year." The producer did not necessarily know why it wasn't as good, but he could see that it wasn't producing the same results.

During recent years scientists have begun to study the variations in the quality of feed crops grown on different soils and under different conditions. They have turned animals to pasture in different fields and observed their preferences for grasses or legumes that had been fertilized or treated in different ways. Those interested especially in questions of human nutrition have also begun to study variations in the food quality of farm-grown food products; and it is to be expected that in the course of a few years, a much larger body of reliable information will be available on this and on the primary question of feed quality for livestock.

This year, for example, authorities at the Oklahoma Agricultural Experiment Station say that prairie hay harvested during the summer is very deficient in protein and phosphorus in that State. So low is it that the average phosphorus content of prairie hay this year is only about half as high as usual. They believe that summer drought has been responsible, not only producing yields that were much lower than normal, but removing or changing the phosphorus in the soil from a form that is readily available to plants, to one that is relatively unavailable. It is also pointed out that phosphorus is very essential in prairie hay, since if cattle are allowed access to hay grown on phosphorus-fertilized soil, as well as grass grown on unfertilized land, they greatly prefer the former.

Feeding the Sow

IT is a well known axiom among successful pig raisers that the time to begin caring for pigs is before they are born. What this means, of course, is that the health and condition of the sow at farrowing time has a marked influence on the health and thrift of the young pigs.

Beginning at breeding time, the sow should not only be in good condition, but should preferably be gaining in

weight; and throughout the entire period of gestation she will be assisted in producing a good, healthy litter if given enough feed of the right kind, making sure that if on dry feed, she gets suitable protein, mineral and vitamin supplements. Equal quantities by weight of oats and barley or wheat make a suitable grain mixture, if it is possible to supplement it with ten pounds of skim milk daily. If the skim milk is not available, it might be more advisable to mix 460 pounds each of oats and barley or wheat, and add 80 pounds of tankage. A mix of 450 pounds each of oats and barley or wheat, supplemented by a mixed protein mineral supplement, is recommended by the University of Alberta. In this case, the protein mineral supplement recommended consists of six pounds of tankage, 20 pounds of linseed meal, 10 pounds of fish meal and five pounds each of limestone and iodized salt. If the alfalfa is fed in racks, it can be eliminated from the supplement as outlined, the total, including the alfalfa, amounting to 100 pounds.

Breeding the Ewes

EWES, like other breeding stock, should be in good condition at breeding time.

There is not much object in breeding ewes which have not been consistent breeders. They might as well be marketed. For the same reason, there is little object and generally speaking, definite harm to the progress of the flock, if anything but purebred rams are used. The price of good, purebred rams is low enough that the increased uniformity and improved type secured in the flock as the result of using purebred sires, amply justifies any additional cost. For the same reason, good feed and care of the ewes after breeding will be amply repaid in the heavier crop of thrifty lambs which will result.

Control of Bang's Disease in B.C.

CALFHOOD vaccination for the control of Bang's disease (contagious abortion) has been in effect in the province of British Columbia since July, 1941, according to Dr. Wallace R. Gunn, Livestock Commissioner; and since that time some 30,000 calves have been vaccinated.

British Columbia, according to Dr. Gunn, is the only province controlling and importing the vaccine. Actual vaccination is done only by qualified veterinarians, and permits for the distribution of the vaccine are issued only on the joint request of the herd owner

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and the veterinarian. The number of doses required is stated on the request, and the vaccine is supplied at 50 cents per dose by the Livestock Branch. The veterinarian completes the vaccination, tags the calves, makes the necessary report to the livestock branch on a prescribed form.

Dr. Gunn suggested to a representative of The Country Guide not long ago that the efficiency and success of calfhood vaccination lies in the testing of as many calves as possible in any particular area. Spotty vaccination may leave a vaccinated herd next to an infected herd, with the result that the control of the disease is imperfect.

Dr. Gunn was of the opinion that calfhood vaccination was successful in a practical way in British Columbia. He referred to the experience of one veterinarian who, during the past two years, had vaccinated 800 calves. Since beginning this work, 600 of these calves had been bred and calved for the first time. Only eight abortions were experienced, four blood tests were required during the period, and two cases proved negative.

The next step toward Bang's disease control, after individual herd owners have begun to adopt calfhood vaccination is an area clean-up in the opinion of Dr. Gunn. The Department likes to work through associations of livestock men where possible. Co-operation of this kind between the Department and cattlemen reduces the cost considerably, since the Association secretary can send in all requests for vaccinations from the area. That is to say, of calves between four and eight months of age.

The veterinarian can similarly forward his official request for the necessary doses of the vaccine, and he can do the actual work of vaccinating all on one trip.

Such proposals for co-operation are invariably helpful to the livestock industry in all disease-control programs. Advantage lies not only in the more economical performance of the work and, in the lowering of the actual cost per head, but in the fact that treatment is made possible for an increased number of herds. Organized effort always brings in more herds and more owners than if each operates on his own or is left to his own devices.

Mastitis Under Investigation

Surveys have been made by B.C. university to determine the prevalence of the disease, and more than 3,500 samples of milk have been tested. Mastitis is caused by a variety of bacteria and while this may be prevented to some extent by maintenance of sanitary quarters for the stock, the cause is sometimes of more complex origin. Older cows appear to be more susceptible, and evidence shows that bruises and injuries play a part in incurring the disease.

Conquest of mastitis is one of the immediate objectives of west coast dairy men who hope to have their herds completely free of disease during the next few years. In this undertaking they are counting on the co-operation of the university, which has also been carrying out some interesting experiments in feeding beef cattle.

Holstein Breed History

Black and White history brought up-to-date appears in book form and becomes an official document of the largest Canadian breed association

THOSE strange, though accustomed family names associated with the black and white Holstein-Friesian cattle! What do they mean and where do they come from? Why are these great-bodied, strong, dairy cattle called Holsteins, and how did they happen to become so popular in Canada?

For the answers to most of these questions, it will be necessary for us to go to Holland or the Netherlands, the history of which goes back for 300 years beyond the beginning of the Christian era. In that early age, a part of the country along the North Sea was called Friesland, and its inhabitants were called northern barbarians by the Romans. They were noted, however, for their peacefulness and for their cattle, of which they took great care. Ultimately, a great inundation from the sea occurred in 1282 A.D. and separated these cattle breeders into two groups. Modern Friesland is the home of the best of these ancient cattle which, in their present state of development, we know as the Holstein-Friesian, though British breeders, who call their cattle Friesians rather than Holsteins, are probably more nearly correct.

It is interesting to Canadians and particularly to westerners to know that Holstein cattle were introduced to Canada as late as 1881. They came by way of the province of Manitoba, where lived Archibald Wright, a Scotsman who arrived in Winnipeg in 1863, and whose first home was located on Main Street at the very foot of Portage Avenue. In 1881 he went to Minnesota for the purchase of 20 oxen and 60 cows and heifers of mixed breeds and, proceeding to Aurora, Illinois, brought back a Holstein-Friesian bull named Selkirk, and a cow, Agnes Jane.

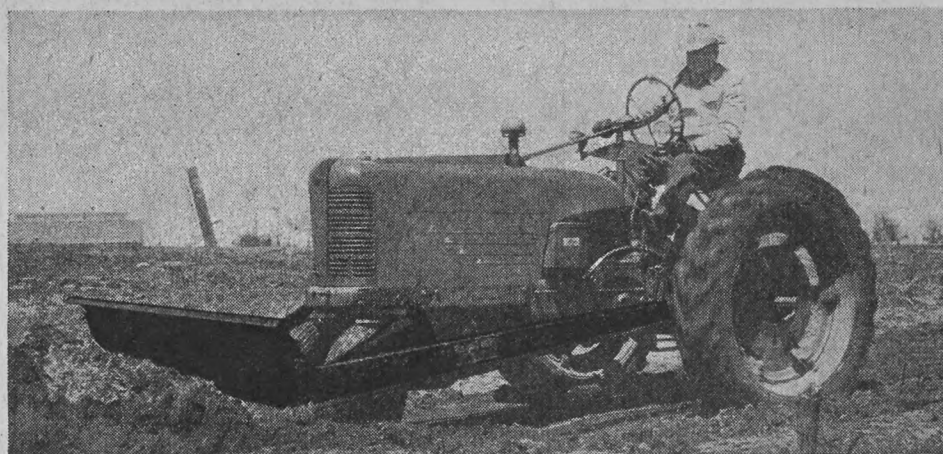
Introduced into Ontario in 1882, into Quebec sometime prior to 1885, Nova Scotia in 1884, New Brunswick, 1887, British Columbia, 1886, in Alberta, 1889

or earlier, and in Saskatchewan by 1893, the Holstein is now the most popular breed of livestock in Canada, judged by the membership, number of registrations and size and aggressiveness of the breed association.

The publication of a "History of the Holstein-Friesian Breed in Canada," by Dr. G. E. Reaman (Wm. Collins Sons & Co., Toronto, \$6.50), is therefore an event of no inconsiderable importance. Commissioned to prepare this historical record of the progress of the breed in Canada during the 60-year period which has elapsed since 1881, Dr. Reaman must have devoted an immense amount of time and effort and painstaking care over the last five years, to have compressed so much vital breed history and significant agricultural development into 568 pages of picture and story.

Echoes of great names, both of breeders and their outstanding animals, spring from the pages of this record and revive for us the energy and faith of the early breed enthusiasts. The incidents, both tragic and humorous, attending their efforts; the part played by the weigh scale and the Babcock tester, by the show circuits and the notable judges of the breed, all fall in place. The illustrations are good and numerous. In one sense the book is a record rather than a history, in that it is not written in story form. Had it been so written, not the least interesting part would have revealed the contribution of the Clemons family, who, through three generations since 1893, have occupied positions of Secretary-Treasurer of the Association. These included the grandfather, D. W. Clemons, who bought his first Holsteins in 1891; his son, W. A. Clemons, also a breeder of Holsteins, and Secretary from 1912 until 1930; and his son, again, G. M. Clemons, the present Secretary who has functioned since November 12, 1930.

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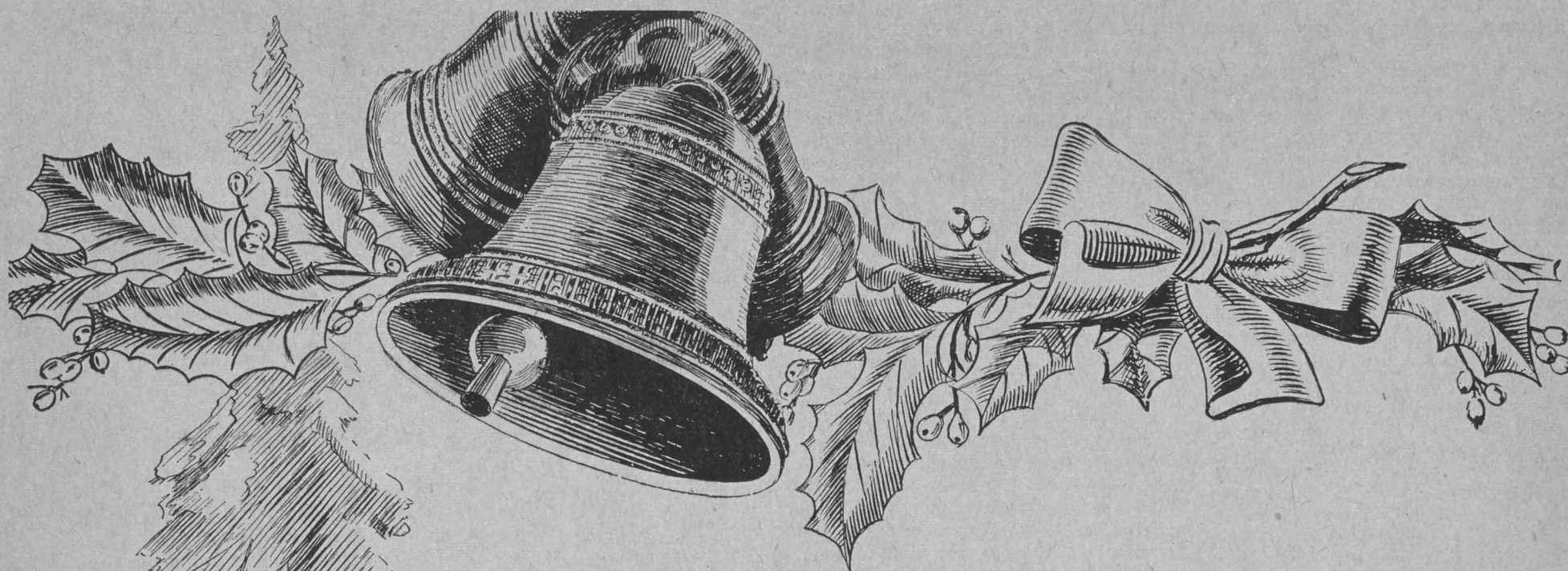
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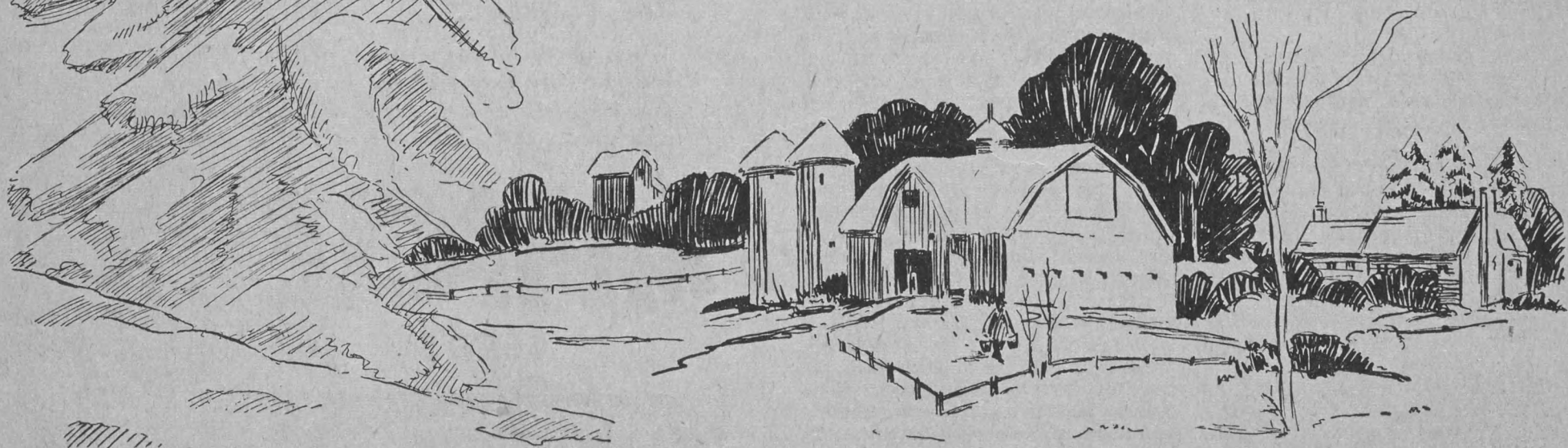
☞ The longing for "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men" remains the centuries' old and noble aspiration of humankind.

☞ The Christmas season of goodwill is its universal symbol among all Christian nations.

On behalf of the Board of Directors of United Grain Growers Limited, I extend to you and yours Sincere Christmas Greetings.

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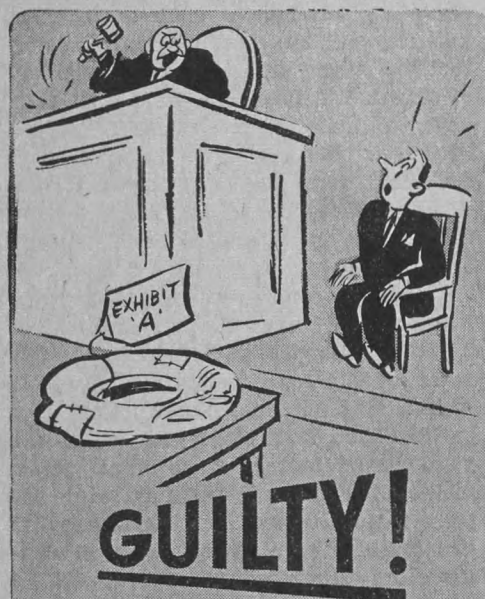


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FIELD

The Scarcity of New Machines

ALL signs point to the probability that new farm implements and equipment will be extremely scarce during 1947.

Disappointing as this will certainly be to many farmers badly in need of new equipment, it may not be altogether bad. With a considerable amount of dammed up purchasing power, a strong impetus toward mechanization and a shortage of labor on many individual farms, there has been and will continue to be a tendency to pay high prices fairly readily in order to obtain the much-needed equipment.

It is to be expected that the present period of rising prices is not likely to last forever, and that prices of things the farmer must buy are likely to settle down to some more or less stable level after the present period of postwar uncertainty. Increased labor costs, scarcity of raw materials and other difficulties will pass away. Where old machinery can be repaired and made to do a while longer, or where purchases of new equipment can be postponed, the delay is likely to prove beneficial over the coming years. One important factor to be remembered is that new types of farm implements and equipment are constantly appearing on the market, and there is reason to believe that many more are still to come. Much time is necessary to develop, test out and manufacture and place new equipment on the market. Also, in a period such as the present when every energy must be bent toward filling a market that is very much undersupplied in both the domestic and export fields, most manufacturing companies find it impossible to increase total production of new items as quickly and efficiently as those they are already manufacturing.

There will be some advantage, therefore, in the case of those who can afford to wait, in postponing all but essential purchases until there is a better chance to see what will be available on the market.

Water Sludge in Tractor Crankcase

WINTER operation of tractors is likely to lead to the formation of water sludge in the crank case. This in turn makes it almost impossible to secure proper lubrication for the engine. Authorities at the Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current, point out that if the used oil has a milk color, this is a good indication that the oil contains a small amount of water. If the amount of this water sludge is excessive, the oil pump or oil filter may plug up or freeze up, thus shutting off the oil flow and causing the burning out of the bearings.

It is almost impossible to secure ideal lubrication of an engine during the time when it is being warmed up. When engine fuel is burned, some water is formed—about a gallon in fact for each gallon of fuel burned. Normally this water passes out with the exhaust gases as vapor. When the engine is cold, however, these exhaust gases come in contact with the cold metal, and the water condenses. Some of it finds its way into the crank case, where it emulsifies, even with good oil, and does so more readily



[Nat. Film Board photo.]
During the war years as much as 27 million pounds of spuds were dehydrated in this Nova Scotia plant. Now Maritime potatoes have become the first farm crop to be given price support under the Agricultural Prices Support Act.

when there is carbon, dirt and other impurities in the oil.

When the motor is started cold, it has a certain resistance to operation because proper lubrication is not yet established. For this reason lighter and even diluted oils are sometimes used, or the oil is drained from the engine at the end of each day and heated before use in the morning. If the radiator is covered, warming up takes place more quickly, and if the engine is operated at a fairly high speed, the temperature is raised more rapidly. Where water sludge develops in the crank case of the tractor, the exhaust gases can be prevented from blowing by the piston, by re-boring or putting in new sleeves and pistons. Adding a little oil to the fuel tends to prevent injury by providing fresh oil as a coating for the metal parts during the warming up period and forming a seal between the piston and the cylinder wall. Frequent draining of crank case oil during cold weather is also good practice.

Grey-Wooded Soils Need Humus

THE grey-wooded soils found along the northern and western fringe of the prairies are not suitable for grain growing until their fertility has been increased by the addition of organic matter. In other words, they lack humus, which is in reality decayed vegetable matter. This, when added to the inert matter of soils in proper proportion, makes the soil in fact a living material, and brings to it what we call fertility.

The grey-wooded soils bake and puddle easily and do not absorb moisture readily because they are too solid. If they are covered with some form of grass or stubble or other trash cover, stems of these plants or of this vegetable matter sticking out of the earth provide an immense number of tiny channels through which the water can get below the surface.

The need for opening up these soils and adding humus to them is the reason why legumes such as alfalfa and clover are so beneficial to grey-wooded soils. Rotations found most suitable are those of perhaps five or six years in length, which include two or three years of legume crops and the balance in grain crops. The clovers and alfalfa not only penetrate and open up these soils, with their root systems, but when plowed down add a great deal of vegetable matter to the soils which eventually provides the humus such soil needs.

Grey-wooded soils are also found to be deficient in sulphur as a rule, and

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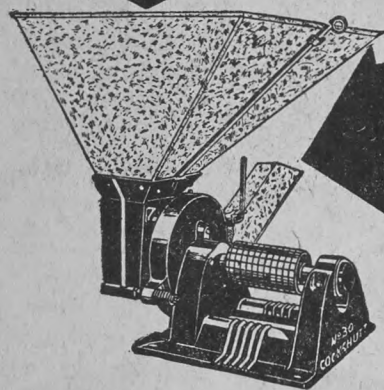
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ammonium sulphate or calcium sulphate are generally helpful.

Where wheat is grown on grey-wooded soils, the protein and milling quality is frequently found to be quite low, which makes these soils generally unsuitable for the production of commercial wheat. Barley, on the other hand, which has a comparatively low protein content, especially malting

barley, can generally be grown satisfactorily.

What is to be remembered in connection with these soils is that they are infertile due to lack of humus or decayed organic matter, and that the addition of this substance to such soils by the growing of legume crops, makes them productive and fertile after a comparative few years.

Flax Follows Wheat Yields and Prices

When wheat yields and prices both rise, it takes a fat flax price increase to increase flax acreage

DURING 1946, a flax production campaign, with emphasis particularly in western Canada, was sponsored by the National Barley and Linseed Flax Committee, and financed by the Canadian Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Association. Linseed flax, or flax as a seed crop in this country, is essentially western Canadian, since more than 96 per cent of the flax seed crop is grown in the three prairie provinces.

Preliminary estimates of 1946 flax production indicate that the campaign was not successful in securing increased acreage. From 1,034,000 in 1945, acreage seeded to flax in 1946 dropped to 990,000. The yield, however, was 23 per cent greater, and produced about 1,200,000 bushels more flax seed. The 1946 acreage figure, incidentally, is to be compared with the 1943 wartime peak of 2,918,400 acres, yielding a crop of 17,600,000 bushels.

T. J. Harrison, chairman of the National Barley and Linseed Flax Committee believes, however, that had the flax production campaign of 1946 not been conducted, flax acreage might have dropped to pre-war figures. These were pretty low. The 1940 flax acreage was 363,700 acres, but the real bottom was 1938, when only 201,700 acres were seeded, the smallest acreage in more than 35 years.

Of the 990,000 acres seeded to flax in 1946 in the three prairie provinces, Saskatchewan alone had 557,000 acres, Manitoba, 380,000 acres, and Alberta 90,000. In all three provinces, flax areas have been extended during the war years, proving that under reasonably favorable conditions flax seed production can be maintained or increased. Formerly, the main Saskatchewan flax area was that portion of the province centering around Rosetown, but during recent years a marked increase has occurred in the southeastern section of the province. In Manitoba, flax formerly was grown in the Red River Valley, but in recent years has spread over the entire southern part of the province. In Alberta, most of the flax was formerly produced in the southern irrigated areas, with an increasing acreage now being seeded in the central dry-farming districts.

Professor Harrison points out that the story of flax production in prairie Canada is marked by four acreage peaks, the first of which occurred in 1912, the second in 1920, the third in 1924 and the fourth in 1943. The valleys in between represent acreage decreases running from 60 to 80 per cent. The first peak of 2,021,900 acres yielded 26,130,000 bushels in 1912, and the last peak in 1943 went to 2,918,400 acres and yielded 17,600,000 bushels, as the results of special circumstances. The 1943 condition was a wartime patriotic effort on the part of farmers, and the 1912 acreage was the result of progressive expansion of land settlement during the homesteading period when the crop was largely grown on new breaking. After 1912, less new land was brought under cultivation each year, and flax production fell off.

The two acreage peaks between those of 1912 and 1943, namely those of 1920, when acreage rose again to 1,391,076 acres for a crop of 7,588,800 bushels, and that of 1924, when 1,265,895 acres were seeded to produce a crop of 9,577,900 bushels, the largest represented solely farmers' reactions to the relative prices of wheat and flax. The 1924 peak year, with the subsequent three-year period, illustrate this perfectly. In 1924, with 1,265,895 acres seeded to flax, the average wheat yield was 1.84 times that of flax, but the flax price was 2.01 times that of wheat. In 1925, there was a slight decrease in acreage (to 1,114,426), which was inconsiderable, but wheat averaged 2.13 times the yield of flax, while the flax price dropped to 1.43 times that of wheat. Flax acreage, therefore, dropped to 721,872 in 1926. That year again, the yield ratio increased so that wheat yielded 2.32 times that of flax, while the price ratio dropped very slightly to 1.41 times the price of wheat. Flax acreage therefore decreased in 1927 to 465,451 acres.

Almost invariably throughout the period from 1910 to 1946, price, coupled with the wheat-flax yield ratio, has guided production. All three prairie provinces can produce satisfactory flax seed for market, where the three yardsticks of quality are percentage of oil, which interests the crusher, the iodine value or the drying quality of the oil, which is of importance to the paint and varnish manufacturers, and the protein content of the oil cake, which interests the feed manufacturers.

Professor Harrison quotes figures to indicate that both Manitoba and Saskatchewan can produce flax which meets the standards of the trade and of the plant breeder, namely an oil content of more than 40 per cent, an iodine value of 185, and an oil cake with 40 per cent protein. Regional as well as seasonal differences appear to affect the market quality of the flax crop, and it is probable that early seeding will give a higher oil content than late seeding. Comparatively little work has been done, however, to indicate the real effect of cultural practices on market quality of flax seed.

Total crushing capacity in Canada today is estimated to be approximately nine million bushels per year. This, together with about 2,200,000 bushels for seed and farm disappearance, would indicate a maximum capacity of the domestic market amounting to 11,100,000 bushels. A year ago, the Oil and Fats Administrator represented the world situation as showing a fairly desperate shortage, worse even than at any period throughout the war. Since that time, the situation has improved but little. Fats and oils are still very short in supply. Instead of an increase of more than 200,000 acres recommended for this year, there was an actual decrease, primarily because the Agricultural Supplies Board at Ottawa, or the government, which holds the purse strings, or both, failed to attach enough importance to the wheat-flax price-yield ratio.

THE CANADIAN OUTLOOK

Continued from page 5

for his product. Such conditions are not only unbusinesslike, but unfair."

The Canadian Federation of Agriculture is beginning to think in terms of, and to demand the conditions which make for stability. We should know what price we as farmers are going to get next year, and the next, so that we can put money intelligently into livestock, implements, and the other capital investments of the business. We must have a promise years ahead from the buyer outside, or a guarantee from the government inside.

Jim Turner, president of the National Farmers' Union of England and Wales, told his Canadian audiences last year that they have an agreed policy with their government to establish a floor price four years in advance. It is only a two-year guarantee, but at the end of two years it will be extended another two years. This is not for a guaranteed price, but merely for a guaranteed floor price. Every February the N.F.U. meets the government representatives and negotiates a contract price above the floor. That contract price is not for the coming harvest, but for the one to follow. Thus the British farmer has some information on which to base his income one and a half years ahead. They can do that, and do it successfully in Britain, but we cannot do it as easily in Canada because so many of our prices are determined on an export basis.

IN cases where contracts are made with importing countries, the Federation does not say what the price ought to be. It has been very careful not to do that. The government does not want us to do that because they make the contract and must accept the responsibility. But when a government adopts the type of program we ask for, we have some obligation to support them on that issue. I am not inferring that we have an obligation to back them on any specific price for which they have negotiated, especially if costs of production which are under the control of that government, have risen in the meantime. That is the essential point.

What is going to be the position of farmers if, on the release of controls, the prices of some farm commodities go away up? Can we reasonably expect to let them rise unchecked today, and then three years from now ask for some government interference to prevent them from going to the bottom? Thinking farmers have said that this policy might lead to a depression such as we experienced in the thirties. That is the reason behind a price stabilization policy. Farmers refrained from demanding the top of the market now because they are hopeful of regulations that will protect them from sudden and catastrophic price declines at some future date.

How is Canada going to make long-term export contracts that are satisfactory? A great many farmers here and in other countries are saying that the only way to accomplish it is on a co-operative basis. Let us take wheat for example. Right now there is a conference in Washington to try to arrive at a wheat agreement. The 13 countries represented include wheat exporting and importing countries. They are trying to agree on how wheat may be marketed internationally in the future. If they can agree, they may determine how much each exporting country will provide, and what the floor and ceiling prices will be. I do not know actually what course their deliberations will follow, but the point which concerns

us is this. Suppose they reach an agreement on export quotas and upper and lower price limits, and suppose that at a later date, similar agreements are made for other farm commodities, we will have made an important stride in the direction of stabilization.

LET us take cheese again for example. Suppose we have a cheese agreement and that Canada and New Zealand are in that agreement. It might easily be that the United Kingdom price is not good enough for Canada to give cheese producers as good a living as other farmers and other people. We in Canada could decide to pay our farmers a higher price for producing cheese than is paid to the New Zealand farmer, or the farmer of any other country selling for export. We could do it under such a program without upsetting the economy in Great Britain or in the other countries, and without being guilty of the charge of dumping. I want to bring it to your attention that we have not adopted a dumping program as our policy.

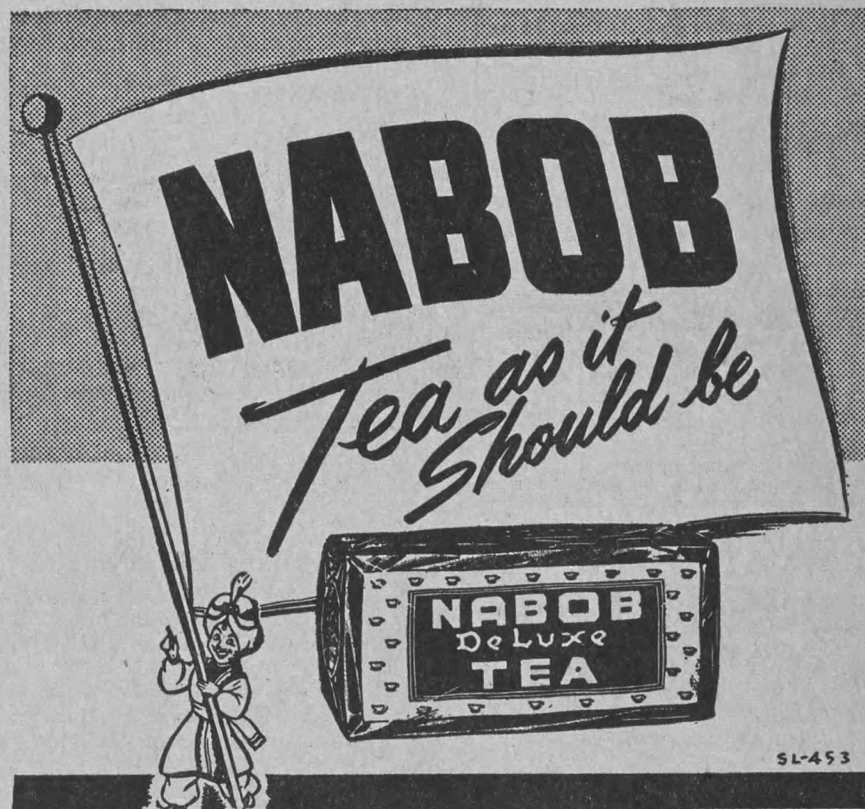
Consider parity prices. The Canadian Federation of Agriculture was organized 11 years ago, and one of our first policies was that the farmers of Canada were entitled to parity prices. We maintained that as a plank in our platform for a number of years. About three years ago we decided not to press for "parity prices." We decided more or less to drop it out of our program. That does not mean that we are not fighting just as hard as ever for a "parity position" for agriculture, or a parity income, if you like. But there is a difference between parity income and parity prices.

When the Roosevelt administration came into power in 1933, Henry Wallace, a great friend of the farmer, and President Roosevelt, decided that one of the ways to alleviate the position of agriculture was to establish parity prices. They were then confronted with the question of how to calculate them. They said, "It is very simple. From 1910 to 1914 was a period of good balance between industry, labor and agriculture, so we will choose those five years, and then we will calculate the purchasing power of each of the principal farm commodities in that time. We will adjust prices today to give these commodities the same purchasing power that they had in the years of our base period." This procedure meant that some prices were raised. Some were raised considerably.

It looked like an excellent program but it did not work out as well as its authors anticipated. Why? Because that period between 1910 and 1914 was not as satisfactory as they had judged. Clinton Anderson, American Secretary of Agriculture, informed his public. "We have applied parity prices to 157 commodities, and of this number there are only 61 products that are on the original base, 1910-1914." In other words, only one commodity out of three stayed on the same parity base. The producers in all the other commodities petitioned the government, saying in effect, "Parity is not fair, you will have to change to another parity." The Secretary of Agriculture concluded, "We are not going to abandon the idea of parity, but I think we ought to re-consider our program."

The Americans have been experimenting with the idea of parity since 1933. If we are wise, we will look over the line fence and see how they get along. If we attempted to establish parity prices in Canada we would have a job to decide what period to use as a base for calculation. If our administrators chose 1935 to 1939, the five pre-war years, Lord help the Canadian farmer. A lot of our farm prices instead of going up would have to go down.

About three years ago we in the



Canadian Federation of Agriculture did some figuring and the year 1926 was selected as the most equitable base period. We found that if we chose 1926 and adjusted prices to the same relative positions, some of our products were above parity. If we had come out with a demand for parity prices the government would have said, "We will pull down the ones which are relatively high in order to have them conform to the

parity level which you are asking for."

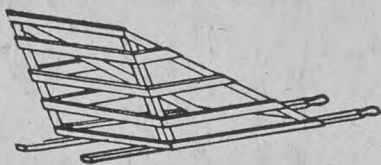
During the war years we have had to keep up production on certain commodities as we had commitments. We had to balance our prices as best we could. Under these circumstances the C.F.A. concluded that it had better work for the attainment of the prices which it considered right and fair and not to push the single idea of parity prices any longer.

Little Ideas That May Help

Time and material savers that may mean money

Litter Carrier

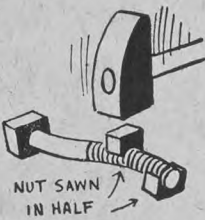
Here is a sketch of a litter carrier to carry straw from stack to barn. When loaded, pick up the handles and pull the load. The skids will slide easily on the



ground or snow. I used light 12-foot poles for handles, spaced two feet apart and the straw frame is six feet long and four feet wide, with the back about three feet high. Laths spaced four to six inches apart do for bottom and sides. The strength and rigidity of such a frame will be greatly increased if the joints are coated with water-proof glue before nailing.—I.W.D.

Straightening Bolt Thread

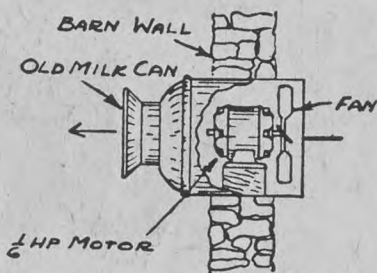
If you want to straighten a bolt with the bend in the threaded part without damaging the thread, cut a nut in two with the hack saw. Be sure the thread of this nut exactly matches the thread on the bolt. Place one-half of the nut under the end of the bolt and the other half on top of the bend. Smart blows with the hammer will straighten out the bend without affecting the thread in the least.—Frank O. Johnson, Bagley, Sask.



Barn Ventilator

A subscriber cut the bottom from an old ten-gallon cream can and put it in an opening in the side wall of the stable with the large end inside. A 1/6 h.p. motor attached to a fan from an old car was mounted at the middle of the can as shown, so that the air was drawn out whenever the current was turned on. The motor was mounted on a piece of 2x6-inch held down by 1/4-inch bolts.

The subscriber's idea seems quite good as a 1/6 h.p. motor would move enough



air to help materially in ventilating the stable. A light cover hinged to the top of the can would be lifted enough to let the air out, but would drop down and close the opening when the cold air started to move in.—I.W.D.

Repairing Gas Engine

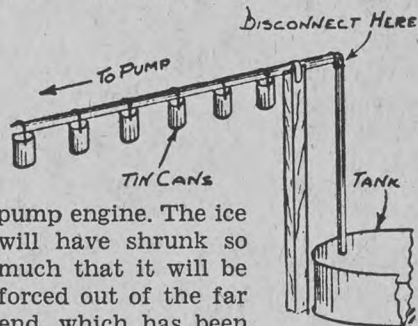
It is easy to tell whether an old engine is worth repairing, no matter how old and disreputable it looks. Work a little heavy cylinder oil around the piston and see if the piston holds reasonably well against compression. If so, the cylinder walls are probably not scored or cracked and an easily installed set of new rings will make it like new. If the oiled piston does not hold compression, remove the cylinder head, move the piston to the crank end of its stroke, and feel carefully all over the cylinder walls for deep scores and cracks. If the walls are smooth, the lack of compression is probably due to the rings being stuck, and new rings should make it OK.

If the flywheels wobble when they turn, the crankshaft likely is sprung. A good mechanic can probably press this out. Better have him check it before buying. Loose bearings usually can

be rebabbited at small cost. Bad valves or valve seats usually can also be ground or repaired at small cost.

Thawing Overhead Pipe

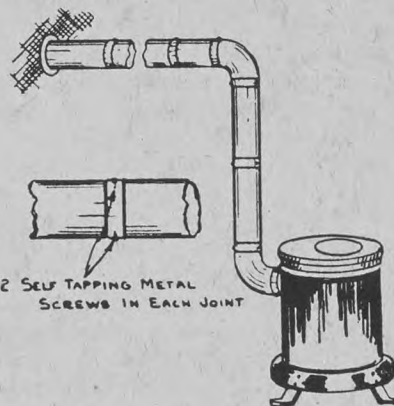
Pick up a number of tin cans and wire them about a foot apart up close to the pipe. Put about an inch of gasoline in each can and touch them off with a torch on a long pole. When most of the cans quit burning, start up the



pump engine. The ice will have shrunk so much that it will be forced out of the far end, which has been disconnected at the elbow. This is a simple idea but it will save a lot of disagreeable work.—I. W. D.

Stove Pipe Lock

The diagram shows how one man solved a problem. "I put the pipes together as they should be with the seams turned right and so on. Then I took a one-eighth inch or smaller drill and drilled a hole on the top and bottom at each joint and turned a small self-tapping metal screw into each hole. These are much used now for sheet metal work,



but small lag screws can be used if the others are not available. These screws should be used at each joint and at the stove connection. They are quickly put in and I find the pipes never sag, always stand straight, and can be quickly taken down for cleaning."

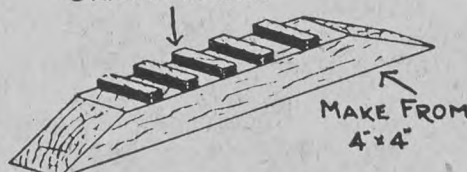
I believe it would be safer with a ceiling support at the upper elbow to prevent an accidental push sideways and to hold the vertical part if it becomes necessary to remove the horizontal part for cleaning.—I.W.D.

Block for Skid Chains

The diagram shows a safer and much more convenient plan worked out for putting on skid chains. It is especially handy when the snow or mud is deep, as it does away with the danger of the jack settling in the mud or toppling over just when you are ready to put on your chains.

Make a block about four inches wide or a piece of 2x6, and 18 to 24 inches long, with the ends bevelled and cleats

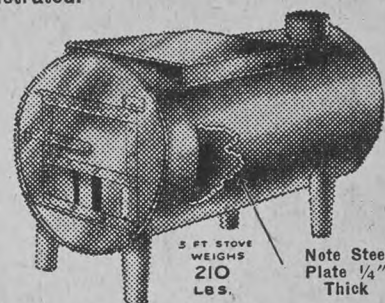
MAKE BLOCKS HIGH ENOUGH TO CLEAR SKID CHAINS EASILY



nailed across the top as shown. The block is laid back of the wheel with the chain stretched over the block with the cross chains between the cleats. The car is then backed onto the block, and the chain can then be easily pulled back and forth and fastened and adjusted to the desired tightness.—I.W.D.

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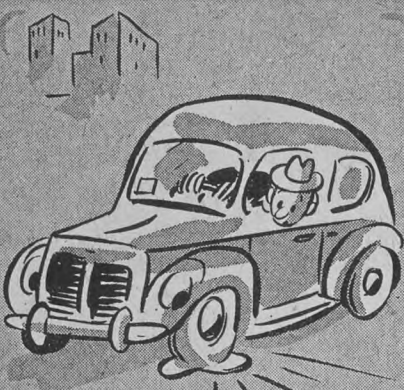
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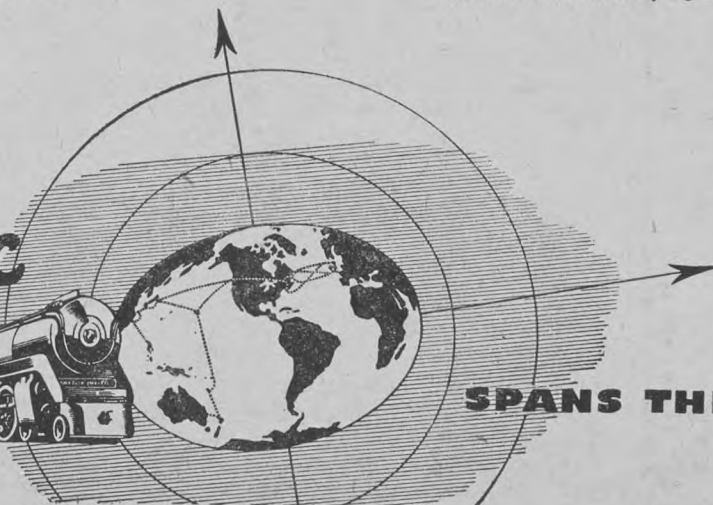
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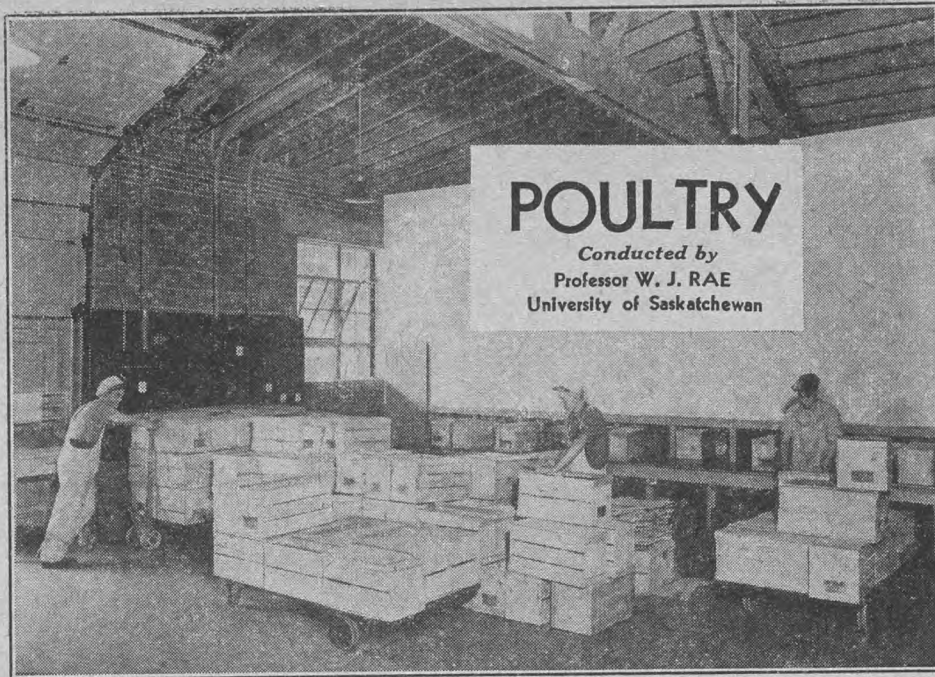
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Leg Weakness in Pullets

Of the various types of leg weakness which affect poultry, that caused by an improperly balanced diet is the one most likely to be observed at this time of year. The symptoms are quite typical and if noted early, the cause can be remedied before too great a loss in production is experienced. When the pullets first come into lay, their production may increase at a fairly constant rate without any signs of a break. The first symptoms usually noted are some soft shelled eggs and lowered production, often followed by some shell-less eggs. Production continues to decline quite rapidly and some of the pullets lose the use of the legs. During this time, the birds' appetites are normal and the crippled pullets would continue to eat if they could reach the mash hoppers.

The cause of these various symptoms are just progressive steps indicating a lack of sufficient minerals (particularly calcium) or vitamins (especially vitamin D) or a lack of both. During the early part of her production year, the pullet draws on her body reserves in order to produce sound egg shells. As this reserve is used up, the pullet continues to lay but is soon forced to stop since those materials so necessary are not being supplied in adequate quantities in the diet.

The feeding of a well-balanced laying mash including an ample supply of fish oil, properly supplemented with whole grains will prevent such an occurrence or will remedy the condition if found in the flock. Oyster shell or one of the other calcium bearing grits should be available to the birds at all times in free choice hoppers. If an odd soft shelled egg is found periodically, it is not cause for worry as one pullet is probably not able to utilize the minerals in her diet at an efficient level.

Wet Mash

THE use of a supplementary feeding of wet mash during the winter and early spring months has been tested on our plant for the past two seasons. While another phase of the problem is being investigated this winter, the results obtained to date are worthy of mention.

The purpose of feeding a wet mash is to encourage the layers to consume more mash which is, of course, so essential for good egg production. During the winter, the dry mash, even though fresh and palatable, is not too appetizing to the birds. Production is likely to decline during a cold spell and may remain somewhat lower than normal even following a break in the weather. This is particularly true if too much whole grain is being fed. The results of our work have definitely indicated that a feeding of wet mash

will do much to maintain production throughout the winter.

A summary of our results show that production from early November to the end of March was approximately 12 per cent greater, egg size was slightly larger and body weight more uniform. From 100 layers, we received about four cases more eggs and the value of these eggs over and above the cost of the extra mash consumed was \$21.70. The amount of time involved in the feeding of wet mash to these birds averaged less than five minutes per day.

The usual method of preparing the wet mash is to mix the laying or breeding mash with sufficient warm water or milk, if available, to give the mixture a crumbly consistency. This is usually fed around noon in the grain troughs. Some poultrymen also utilize any table scraps to advantage in this way but these should not constitute a great part of the mixture. About six pounds of the dry mash per hundred birds is usually recommended.

Protein Shortages

THE prospects of sufficient animal protein supplements for this coming winter and spring are not as encouraging as during the war period. Also at the present time, the supply of vegetable protein supplements is rather limited, although there is a possibility of this improving in the coming months.

Perhaps the brightest spot on the horizon is the ample supply of grains. However helpful this may be, it is not the answer to our assurance of good winter production. To derive the greatest benefit from our grains, they must be properly supplemented with vitamins, minerals, and proteins. For example, a layer would have to eat 10-12 pounds of wheat to derive sufficient calcium for just one egg shell. This feat alone would require 40-48 days if she were to consume her average four ounces per day. In order to derive maximum returns from the limited supply of proteins which are available, they must be fed in sufficient quantity to meet the needs of the birds.

On the prairies where the bulk of our grains are produced, the use of a concentrate or balancer is perhaps the most economical method of feeding. Where such a feeding program is followed, the manufacturer's recommendations as to the proportion of concentrate to chopped grain should be followed. Do not dilute further with the hope of making a bag last somewhat longer. This will only reduce the amount of protein, minerals, and vitamins the birds will consume and will ultimately be reflected in lowered egg production. Also the quantity of whole grain fed, mentioned elsewhere in this column, should not be exceeded.

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R.O.P. Sired	100	50	25	100	50	25	
15.75	8.35	4.40		14.25	7.60	4.05	
31.50	16.25	8.35		29.00	15.00	7.75	
4.00	2.50	1.50		3.00	2.00	1.00	

F.O.B. CALGARY AND EDMONTON				Approved			
R.O.P. Sired	100	50	25	100	50	25	
16.75	8.85	4.65		15.25	8.10	4.30	
29.00	15.00	7.75		26.00	13.50	7.00	
16.75	8.85	4.65		15.25	8.10	4.30	
29.00	15.00	7.75		26.00	13.50	7.00	
11.00	6.00	3.25		10.00	5.50	3.00	

F.O.B. ABBOTSFORD, B.C.				Approved			
R.O.P. Sired	100	50	25	100	50	25	
16.00	8.50	4.25		14.00	7.50	3.75	
31.00	16.00	8.00		29.00	15.00	7.50	
3.00	2.00	1.00		3.00	2.00	1.00	

F.O.B. ABBOTSFORD, B.C.				Approved			
R.O.P. Sired	100	50	25	100	50	25	
17.00	9.00	4.50		15.00	8.00	4.00	
31.00	16.00	8.00		28.00	14.50	7.25	
10.00	5.50	2.75		8.00	4.50	2.75	

F.O.B. ABBOTSFORD, B.C.				Approved			
R.O.P. Sired	100	50	25	100	50	25	
16.00	8.50	4.25		14.00	7.50	3.75	
31.00	16.00	8.00		29.00	15.00	7.50	
3.00	2.00	1.00		3.00	2.00	1.00	

F.O.B. ABBOTSFORD, B.C.				Approved			
R.O.P. Sired	100	50	25	100	50	25	
16.00	8.50	4.25		14.00	7.50	3.75	
31.00	16.00	8.00		29.00	15.00	7.50	
3.00	2.00	1.00		3.00	2.00	1.00	

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He Left A Legacy To Prairie Horticulture

The passing of a great horticulturist, "Gus" Griffin, on October 13, brings many acknowledgments of respect and affection. Betty Crook undertakes a summary of his activities in this thumbnail sketch

DEATH came without warning to Augustus Griffin, one of western Canada's greatest horticulturists and irrigation experts on Sunday, October 13, as he worked in the garden of his Calgary home.

Over half of his 63 years was spent in southern Alberta, and much of that time was devoted to the planting, growing and developing of trees, shrubs and flowers. For his contribution to the advancement of horticulture on the prairies he was given high recognition by members of the Great Plains section of the American Horticultural Association at its 1940 meeting.

When Mr. Griffin first came from California to Alberta in 1918 to be superintendent of the C.P.R. irrigation system at Brooks, the countryside was largely open range and the irrigation project in its infancy. He saw possibilities for future gardens and orchards as well as profitable farm lands.

His great love of trees—any kind at first, so long as they produced shade and brought beauty to the empty spaces, spurred the first plantings. In 1919 he had hundreds of cottonwood trees transplanted from the Red Deer River to the new grounds, and also secured 400 poplars from the C.P.R. Forestry Branch for residents to plant along the streets of Brooks.

While other people enjoyed the frequent picnics to the river for the fun and relaxation, Mr. Griffin enjoyed them because he got a chance to dig new plants for his garden. He gathered seeds, cuttings and plants from every source imaginable. They were brought from distant places by friends on vacation trips, sent him by famous horticulturists in both Canada and the United States, and brought to him by the little growers who soon learned that their favorite plant would produce its best under his care.

Mr. Griffin's driving urge to be planting things extended far beyond his home grounds and orchards. Wherever a borrowpit was gouged out for the building of a ditch or canal, he was there with his willow cuttings and bushes to hide the scar and bind the soil. It is because of that planting program, started over a quarter of a century ago, that the Eastern Irrigation District is now a hunter's paradise, for those willows and bushes have spread throughout the area to provide ideal cover for pheasants and other game birds.

Many seedlings were developed at Brooks by Mr. Griffin during his 17 years' stay there. The Brooks sand-cherry is a favorite for its ornamental qualities as well as its fruit which is the largest of its kind. The Sapahto Plum is another whose merit was recognized at Brooks. His rosy-bloom crabapple is now the most popular ornamental of its type in the West. It is a cross between a Hopa Crab and a Siberian Crab, and is known as B4 by some growers and A17 by others. Further experiments with this hybrid, continued at Strathmore where Mr. Griffin was transferred in 1935, brought forth another rosy crab, famous because it carries its crimson leaves all summer. It was selected by W. R. Leslie, superintendent of the Morden Farm, and named "Strathmore" at the insistence of American horticulturists.

THE orchards at Brooks and Strathmore, which were started by Mr. Griffin, were turned over to the Alberta government. During the past ten years the propagating and distributing of the stock has been continued and expanded by the government, until now those orchards supply the bulk of the material used in its test plots throughout the



The late "Gus" Griffin in his garden.

prairie. It is doubtful if there is a farm home with any trees at all, which haven't come from either of those orchards.

Work with most recent hybrids and introductions from Canada and the United States commanded Mr. Griffin's attention at the time of his death. His hope of developing a fragrant hardy double lily appeared close to realization.

Griffin, the plant lover, excelled in his chosen calling no less than in horticulture. He was called into consultation by irrigation enterprises and power companies on design, construction and operation problems. He was largely responsible for perfecting a method of installing large culverts by a jacking process.

Above all Mr. Griffin was a quiet, unassuming man given to putting in his shirt sleeves. The slight, bespectacled figure down on his knees among his plants was often mistaken for one of the laborers, and it was characteristic of him that he never cared to make any other impression.

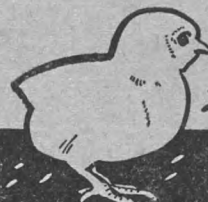
The trees he planted stand as a tribute to his memory. The idea of beauty he fostered will be a more lasting monument than anything made of marble.

Think Now About Shelterbelts

WESTERN Canada would be the better for additional plantings of wind-breaks and shelterbelts. Many more thousands of such plantings would mean additional comfort for prairie folk, and additional protection for fruit orchards and vegetable gardens. Indeed, field plantings would be in the long run bring greater returns from crops in the form of additional moisture retained, and additional yields secured.

Free trees are available from the Dominion Forest Nursery Stations at Indian Head and Sutherland, Sask., but these trees so supplied can only be planted in ground which has been prepared the previous summer. It is, therefore, now too late to prepare the soil and apply for trees to be planted in the spring of 1947. A plan could be made to develop shelterbelts either around the farmstead or farm itself, so that applications can be made for trees to be planted in the spring of 1948.

Information as to distances of planting and the kinds of trees likely to be most suitable and lasting in the areas where they are to be planted, will be freely furnished on application either to the two Forest Nursery Stations, or to any office of the provincial or Dominion departments of agriculture.



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Nearly 300 U.G.G. Delegates Attend 40th Annual Meeting



R. S. LAW
President and General Manager,
who presided.



J. E. BROWNLEE, K.C.
Re-elected Vice-President.

A high degree of satisfaction with the position of their Company, at the end of 40 years in business, was shown by delegates attending the annual meeting of United Grain Growers Limited, held in Calgary on November 5 and 6, 1946. Those delegates, to the number of nearly 300, had been elected by the various locals in the western provinces in which the 35,000 farmer members are organized.

The four retiring directors of the Company were re-elected by acclamation for a three-year term. These are J. J. MacLellan, Purple Springs, Alta.; S. S. Sears, Nanton, Alta.; H. W. Allen, Hualien, Alta.; and R. S. Shannon, Grandora, Sask. The other directors are R. S. Law, Winnipeg; J. E. Brownlee, K.C., Calgary; E. E. Bayne, Winnipeg; John Morrison, Yellow Grass, Sask.; M. T. Allan, Neville, Sask.; R. C. Brown, Pilot Mound, Man.; J. Stevens, Morinville, Sask. and J. Harvey Lane, P.O. Huronville, Sask.

After the annual meeting, R. S. Law was re-elected President by the Board of Directors, J. E. Brownlee first Vice-President and John Morrison, second Vice-President. Other members elected to the Executive Committee are E. E. Bayne and J. J. MacLellan.

The Financial Statement

The financial statement for the fiscal year ended July 31, 1946, showed a profit for the year of \$300,178.74, after provision for all charges, and after setting aside the sum of \$175,000 for patronage dividend. Other charges had included bond interest \$91,447.67; directors' fees \$9,485; counsel and legal fees and salaries of directors \$40,208.35; annual meeting expenses \$19,929.07; provision for depreciation of capital assets \$503,-

385.59; and provision for income taxes \$215,000.

Addition of the profit for the year to the earned surplus account carried forward from the previous year gave a total of \$898,635.45. Provision was made out of that amount for \$12,763 for purchasing and cancelling 788 Class "A" shares of the capital stock; dividend of five per cent declared on Class "A" shares amounts to \$141,696; and provisions for dividend on Class "B" shares to \$13,571.

Written off was \$67,201.88, the balance of discount and expenses as at July 31, 1945, incurred in respect of the Company's former bond issue. Deduction was also made of \$45,402.60, covering net charges incurred in connection with refinancing of first mortgage bonds during the year.

After these deductions to a total of \$280,634.48, the earned surplus account as at July 31, 1946, was carried forward in the amount of \$618,001.97.

Referring to the reduction of the Canadian Wheat carry-over, the report said:

"On two occasions the accumulation of large quantities of wheat in Canada has caused not only alarm, but also drastic price declines. Both the alarm and the price declines were later proved to be unnecessary, and the wheat in question was found to be greatly needed. Experience so gained should give the government courage to take necessary steps to deal with any future surplus that develops so as to avoid unnecessary price losses to producers."

The Company's elevator system comprises 524 country elevators in the prairie provinces, a terminal elevator at Port Arthur, Ont., with a capacity of 5,500,000 bushels, owned by the Company, and a leased terminal at Vancouver.

Patronage Dividends Released for Payment.

Since the U.G.G. Annual Meeting the Company has had notice from the Government that appropriations for patronage dividends for past years are to be regarded as deductible in the calculation of Income Tax. That will enable payment, during 1947, of patronage dividends, to a total of more than \$2,500,000, on all grain delivered at U.G.G. elevators from August 1st, 1942, to July 31st, 1946. Preparation of cheques is now in progress, and these will be sent, when ready, to elevator agents for distribution. Payment will be in cash, and all customers, whether shareholders or not, will be entitled to participate.

For over five years the Company has contended that it should not be taxed on appropriations for Patronage Dividends. In the meantime such appropriations had to be held in reserve. Now the government has given a ruling in accordance with the Company's contention, so these reserves can be paid out.

While the tax problem, as applied to patronage dividends, was discussed at length in the Directors' report, the news above given was not available when it was presented to delegates.

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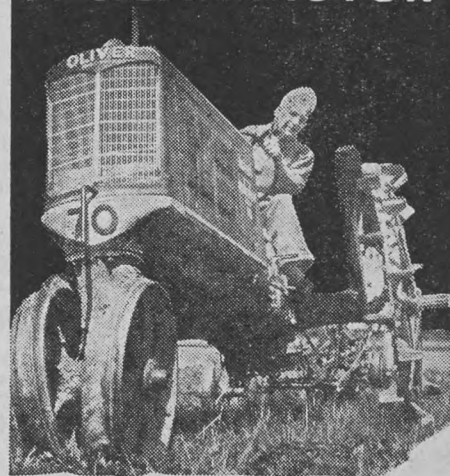
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The Government Wheat Monopoly

This article contributed by UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED, is part of the Monthly Commentary feature appearing exclusively in THE COUNTRY GUIDE.

Under this heading the report of the directors of United Grain Growers Limited, presented to the annual meeting of the Company in Calgary on November 5th, discusses one aspect of the present wheat policy of the government of Canada, as follows:

"To put these various policies into effect the government wheat monopoly established in Canada when the market was closed in September, 1943, is continued and farmers are not allowed to dispose of their wheat except to the Canadian Wheat Board. Establishment of that monopoly has greatly changed the status of the Canadian Wheat Board. Previously it had been the duty of that Board to dispose of wheat, for the account of farmers, on the best possible basis. After September, 1943, the government itself assumed primary responsibility in connection with wheat, the price and conditions of sale of which became subject to government policy. Although that fact was not immediately realized, the Wheat Board was transformed from the type of marketing agency it had formerly been, as established by Act of Parliament, and as farmers had been accustomed to think of it, into an instrument for carrying out government instructions and policies. That was clearly shown in August, 1945, when an export price ceiling of \$1.55 was placed on wheat, although obviously the Wheat Board could have sold it for higher prices. The ceiling in question was imposed, both as part of the government price control policy, and in order to avoid strain on the national treasury by larger loans to other countries which would have been required had wheat prices been allowed to rise. It was a very similar situation to that which had prevailed in September, 1943, when the market was closed, in order to prevent wheat prices from rising further at that time, which the government then desired to avoid. How completely the government had replaced the Wheat Board in administering the sale of Canadian Wheat was shown when the wheat agreement was made with Great Britain, and the undertaking to sell was made, not by the Canadian Wheat Board, but by the government of Canada."

General Comment

The report then goes on with a general comment on wheat policy as follows:

"The arrangements now in effect should not be regarded as representing a permanent policy. They must rather be considered both as temporary and experimental. Upon the results attained during the four-year period ending in 1950, as well as on the satisfaction which the present arrangement may give to farmers, opinions will be formed and decisions made as to policies later to be followed and machinery to be employed. It will have to be decided both whether a government wheat monopoly is to be continued and the extent to which later sales may be made by inter-governmental contract, or on the basis of prices on a market whether that in Chicago or elsewhere. It will have to be determined how far inter-governmental contracts can eliminate dependence upon a market. Although both Liverpool and Winnipeg markets had been closed, it was not found practicable to make the British wheat agreement without reference to a "world price" for wheat, and dependence upon the Chicago market in that connection. A

change may come earlier than 1950. The British contract stipulates that its terms and conditions shall be subject to any modification or amendment to bring it into conformity with any international agreements or arrangements hereafter entered into to which both governments are parties.

"While the British wheat agreement has been criticized on various grounds, and particularly that the price basis is too low, it must be remembered that it was made only after protracted negotiations had taken place between the government of Canada and that of the United Kingdom. It should not be assumed that a more satisfactory contract could have been obtained from the United Kingdom. If such inter-governmental contracts for a term of years are to be made, the contract in question must be accepted as typical of what may be expected. Only later can it be determined whether or not it has worked out to the advantage of wheat producers. It will be particularly important to observe, over the period, how the proceeds from contract sales compare with those made on the market basis. A test will be provided for the theories, both of those who believe that international trade should be so conducted, and those who advocate its conduct by commercial interests, on the basis of market prices.

"There has been a wide divergence in views expressed with respect to the British agreement by various farm organizations and by individual farmers. It should be stated, therefore, that the Canadian Federation of Agriculture was not consulted, nor was your Company directly or indirectly consulted, in advance with respect to the terms of the contract with Great Britain. True, both this Company and the Canadian Federation of Agriculture were on record as urging the government of Canada to participate in negotiations for a general international wheat agreement, which would be expected to lead to stabilization of world prices over a period of years. That, of course, would be something quite different from the contract for sale actually made with Great Britain. It must be doubted whether, in conducting a wheat monopoly, it would be practicable for the government to consult producers or producers' organizations in respect to arrangements it might make for sale.

"Similarly, there has been a divergence of views expressed by and on behalf of farmers with respect to arrangements made for prices to be paid to them. Unquestionably many farmers have accepted as satisfactory both the initial price payment and the arrangement for pooling together the returns of successive years. Others have criticized that arrangement and have demanded separate settlement for each year's crop, and have also protested against the initial price basis as being too low. Here again, it must be stated that while both your Company and the Canadian Federation of Agriculture have put on record from time to time the desire of farmers for greater stability in prices from year to year than has formerly prevailed, your Company accepts no responsibility for the price arrangements actually put into effect by the government. It should not be assumed, however, that anything better is likely to be obtained from any government in Canada with the concurrence of other interests in the country. Probably we must recognize that any guaranteed price for a period of years, unless it is to be on a fairly low basis, is not to be obtained in any manner substantially different. The question to be determined on the basis of experience is whether or not such arrangements as are now in effect will meet with the permanent approval of producers."

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FIVE SET FORTH IN A CHRISTMAS FOG

Continued from page 9

listening and looking at the garden door.

He had not long to wait. Hardly had he emptied one glass of the glowing wine when the Watch went by without, calling his second cry:

"Mayds in your smocks
Look well to your locks
And your fire and your light,
'Tis nine o' the clock,
And a blinding fog!"

No sooner had his voice and the sound of his footsteps died away than the thing happened which Sir Sylvester had been so intently awaiting: Horse's hoofs; careful walking through the garden; three sharp raps on the door, a pause, and two raps more.

"Enter!" cried the gentleman, getting gladly to his feet. "Come in, my good rogue, come in, my excellent rascal!" He went swiftly to open the door and admitted the dark and sinister fellow who had been the third of the strange five to set forth. He was panting now, and the sweat shone on his evil brow.

"Well, well, quick! Have you brought it?" The well-cared-for hand which was thrust out trembled with excitement, feeling and fumbling at the messenger's unsavory coat.

"Ay!" said the rascal, gasping. "Here it is in your hand, and the devil's own time we had a-getting of it!"

Sir Sylvester seized upon it feverishly, carrying it into the light of the largest lamp and emitting fervent, unpleasant sounds of satisfaction. It was an important and official-looking letter, freed of its outer wrappings; there was a great name written across its face and a royal seal on its back. He laughed aloud, joyfully, exultantly, taking a little skip in his rejoicing. "Here, good rogue!" He tossed a silken purse which fell at the man's feet with a sound of solid weight and which was snatched up greedily. "That's for you and the excellent villains who lent you their aid; but the lion's share to yourself! And a drink!" He poured off a staggering portion of brandy and the fellow swallowed it without a quiver. "Now, then, you must be off; but I'll hear first what a fight my bold nevvie, the young gentleman, put up!"

"Ecod!" said his henchman ruefully, "but we was a time, a-getting of him down. Like seven devils he fought, that young gentleman. Me and my mates, we was like to be done in—the three of us!" He felt tenderly of various portions of his body. "But we was too much for him in the end, and we got the letter, as we was told, and I was a bringing of it here, and . . ."

"And the young gentleman, with a gag in his mouth and a sack over his head, lies bruised in the dark hold of the little boat that sails out of the river and makes for the big boat that's waiting, and . . ."

"Well, no, Your Honor," said the rogue reluctantly, "that's not the way of it—not in a manner of speaking. Like seven devils, he fought, and—"

"Damnation! Did he . . . get away?"

"Ay, sir, Your Honor, that he did, fighting like seven devils, or seventeen, for the matter of that, me and my mates hanging to him like leeches, but he—"

Then, suddenly, as his employer, with a snarl of the most venomous rage that even he, in his dark career, had ever heard, sprang forward and snatched one of the rapiers from the wall, he took to his heels and ran with clumsy speed across the room and through the garden door, flung himself upon his horse and made off, ramming the purse deeper into his pocket.

Sir Sylvester went then into a paroxysm of anger and baffled hate which shook him from the crown of his imperious head to the sole of his silver-buckled foot. He writhed, he fumed, he gave out hideous animal sounds; he slashed impotently into the empty air with his rapier, and little flecks of foam appeared on his lip. And all the time, unheeding, he kept the large official letter in his left hand, so that the sound of hoofs again, coming on at furious speed this time, brought him sharply out of his spasm of rage to stare at it in a panic. He made one start toward the hearth to burn it, but the fire had sunk low, untended, and the envelope was bulky and thick; he made another start toward the twelve candles winking in the brass candelabra, and gave that up, and popped it between the pages of a big book on the centre table just one slender second before the garden door was torn open and the young soldier, his nephew, came plunging into the room.

"Uncle! I'm robbed! I'm ruined!" He was hatless, his hair tossed, his uniform twisted this way and that upon him, muddled and torn, and there were cuts and bruises and bright blood on his face and his hands.

Sir Sylvester managed a very serviceable astonishment. "Boy! Ruined? What do you mean?"

"Robbed of the letter for France!"

"No! Impossible!"

"Yes, I tell you! It's gone! They fell upon me before I'd gone a mile from the palace . . . they fell upon me . . . dragged me from my horse . . ." He staggered, caught himself sternly erect. "I fought . . . I fought . . ." The young man swayed again, and his uncle sprang forward and forced him gently into a chair.

"Boy, but you're sore spent! You're swooning! Here!" He poured brandy into a glass and held it to his nephew's lips. "Not another word till you've drained every drop!" He stood over him while he gulped it down and choked and coughed and pushed the glass away; and the look was heavy with hate, but the voice was velvet: "Rest, now and . . ."

"Rest? How can I rest? Uncle, I've lost the King's letter for France!"

"Monstrous! Damnable, upon my word!" said Sir Sylvester warmly. "We must use our heads, nevvie! Now, who could have had a motive?"

"Motive?" cried the young man impatiently. "There's no motive—they were common highwaymen, after my purse. It was chance, accursed chance, that they got the letter as well!"

"A sorry chance for you, dear boy! 'Twill work you ill, I fear. His Christian Majesty, George the Third, sedate and solemn as he may be, domestically speaking, is a hard man and unrelenting when he's crossed or disappointed!"

"I'm ruined, Uncle!" He took his handsome young head between his hands. "Oh, Uncle—and an hour ago the world was mine! The King's favor—my future assured—and Moyra! Uncle, she'd promised to wed me directly I came back from France! I'd never dared ask her before, till the King gave me this splendid errand!" A thought still more bitter strove within him. "Thank God, my mother never lived to see this night!"

The older man fidgeted about the centre table, his hands fluttering over the big book.

"I know now why I've dreamed of her, three nights running!"

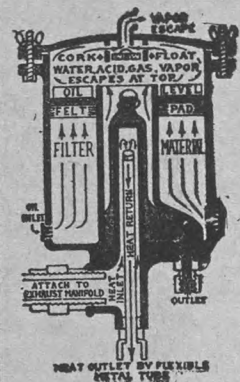
"Gad, sirrah, are you a moon-struck wench? Dreams!"

"Three times I've dreamed of her, all in white, wringing her hands and moaning, trying to tell me something, holding out her white hands . . ."

"Tush, boy! Fiddle-faddle! Poppycock!" He could not seem to stand still, the uncle; he paced nervously up and down in a short space.

The other came out of his brooding revery with a spring. "Gad! Here I sit

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babbling, while the minutes fly, and the fresh horses waiting on the Dover Road, and the packet sailing without me! I'll be off again to the cursed spot!—I called up the constable and his men to search the neighborhood. It was my faint hope they'd throw the letter aside, thinking it worthless."

The malevolent eyes were boring a hole in the book, and the peer dragged them away with an effort. "I make no doubt they'll fling it away," he said. "There's hardly a chance they have it still. But, one moment, nevvv! Who knew you were to start at dawn with the King's message for France?"

"D'you take me for a chattering scullery-maid? No one!" He glared at his uncle hotly. The voice of the Watch called, "Ten o'clock!"

"No one?" asked the gentleman, lifting his eyebrows.

"Not a soul on God's earth but yourself, Uncle, . . . and Moyra!"

Beau Trevison walked to the small table and took a slim glass of brandy and then he took snuff, delicately dusting his fingers afterward. "And . . . Moyra, eh?"

Then his nephew, who had his hand on the knob of the garden door, wheeled and leapt toward him. "What do you mean, sir? Answer me! What are you hinting?"

The other backed hastily away from him. "Softly, softly, boy! No disrespect to my fair niece-to-be, but 'tis a fact that the sweet creature has an Irish tongue, hung in the middle and wagging at both ends!"

"Not when a matter's serious," said the youth angrily. "You don't know her, Uncle! Moyra's the levellest head in London. Well, I'm off; I've tarried too long. But I had to come to you, Uncle. You're cleverer than I, and, for God's sake and Mary's love, put your keen wits to work for me!" He dashed out then, and his kinsman heard the sound of his horse's feet on the paving stones.

"Yes," he said to himself complacently, "yes, my lad, yes, my simple nevvv, I'm rather cleverer than you are!" He slapped his shapely leg; but anger overcame his satisfaction in an instant. The clumsy fools had failed him; young Roger was alive and at liberty. He made a move toward the letter, with a glance toward the dying fire, but his thought was interrupted by a sound without.

It was the pieman, trudging past in the foggy night, and his cry came hollowly:

"Penny pies! All hot! All hot!
Fruit, eel, beef, veal, or kidney pies!
All hot! All hot! All hot!"

It was a cheerful call enough, but it seemed to have a sinister effect upon Beau Trevison, for he sprang to his feet, throwing a scared glance at the clock, and just as he did so there was the sound of the heavy knocker at the street door. He pulled furiously at the bell rope for an instant, forgetting that the house was servantless for the evening, and then went himself, a trifle unsteadily, to admit the expected guest.

MISS Moyra O'Toole stepped nimbly over the threshold, her long cape wrapped closely about her and her tall shepherd's crook in her hand, and she replied to her host's florid welcome with a question:

"And where, if I might be asking, are the other guests you'd be inviting to meet me? . . . The 'merrie company' that would be gathered in my honor?" She had followed him into the drawing-room and she looked sharply about her. Her eyes were Irish blue and deeply fringed with black, and her hair was as black as a blackbird's wing, and she spoke in a warm and purling brogue with a quaint Celtic construction. "Let you speak up, man, and be telling me! Is it the way I've come here by my lee lone with my heart in my mouth, and my reputation in my hand?"

He made a cavalier's bow, his hand

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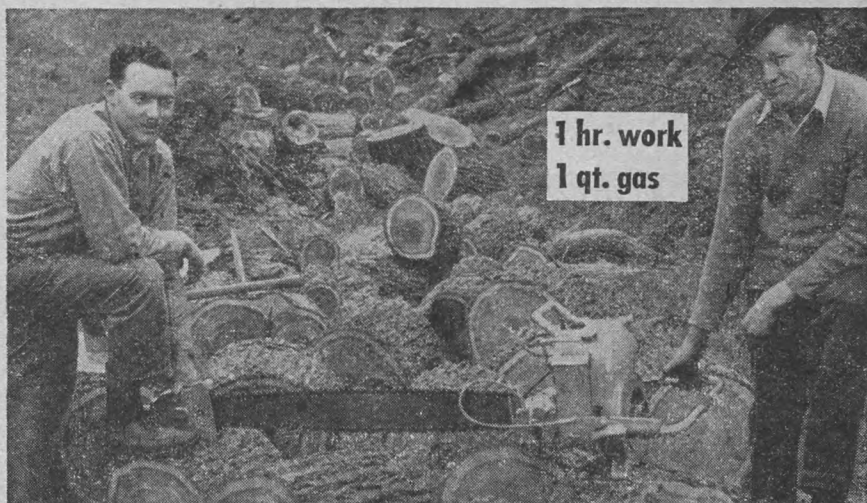
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pressed against his heart. "I said a 'merrie company,' Mistress Moyra, and —'two's company'; and we're going to be merry, you and I!" He set a chair for her.

The idol of Drury Lane shook her head. "It's yourself can be merry by your lee lone," she said flatly. "You can be calling up my coach for me."

"There, now, Mistress, I crave pardon for my stupid jest. My other guests are coming in a trice; I bade them come late because of your engagement at the theatre."

The girl looked warily about her and sat upon the edge of the chair, holding her shepherd's crook with its wilted nosegay.

"Surely, Mistress—you're not afraid to trust me?"

"I am not, indeed," she said promptly, "the way I've the tail of my eye on the good rapier is hanging on your wall, and me the wonder of the western world with a sword in my hand—the only son my father ever had, God rest him, and he teaching me!"

The gentleman flung back his head and laughed enjoyingly. "Gad, but you've spirit!" he said dotingly. "May I give you a drop of something, Mistress Moyra, to warm the fog out of your veins?"

"You can not, then, thanking you kindly, for I'm like that Irishman they do be telling the old tale about, that swore he wouldn't have a drink for three reasons: First, he'd promised his poor dying mother he'd never drink, and, second, his doctor'd been warning him he dared not drink, and, third—he'd just had a drink! But I'll be begging a glass of cold water itself for my posies here!" She rose and gently untied the drooping little bouquet. "Destroyed with the thirst they are, surely!"

He watched her sourly as she put them into the glass with tender, quick fingers.

"From that fortunate youth, my nevvie, I'll be bound!"

"Plucked with his own clumsy hands, God love him—rosemary, heart's-ease, violets, lord-knows-what, crammed together in villainous taste, and that tight there's no breath left in them at all!"

BEAU Trevison smiled sapiently. "Perhaps, Mistress, the wilted condition of his floral tribute is symbolic of the young man's fortunes."

"Now, what would you be meaning by that, Sir Sylvester?" The girl regarded him sharply. "High in the favor of the King, he is, and..."

"High in the favor of the King, he was," said her host with relish. "before he lost the King's letter for France!"

"Now, God forgive you, but it's making game you are!"

He shook his head. "'Tis the sorry truth, Mistress. He left as you came, after telling me his tale of woe. He was set upon by thieves and robbed of his purse—which didn't greatly matter—and of the secret message for France—which did. So, you see? 'Twas no jest, Mistress." He delicately took snuff and as always dusted his fingers together fastidiously. "And now, my dear, one man is down and another is up and the time has come, I think, for my own suit to be pressed."

The girl was clearly not attending to him. Her face was very white and there was tragedy in her eyes, and it was almost a moment before she began to be consciously aware of what Beau Trevison was saying, and then she came jarringly out of her abstraction. "What? What is it you do be saying? You, my lad's uncle and guardian, old enough to be his father and with a right to be standing in his father's place, more shame to you, making mad love to the lass is pledged to him to the world's end!"

"Come," said the gentleman, gasping a little, what with the fervor of his passion and the number of his libations to

Bacchus, "surely 'tis plain to you now that the young jackanapes, my nevvie, is out of the race! War with France is looming over us like a black cloud, and the loss of that letter means the end of the King's favor. And the end of your lackpenny lout, Mistress! Disgrace and banishment!"

THEN the Irish beauty stood up straight and proud before him, the color rushing richly back into her white face and her black-fringed eyes flashing fire, "Let you be listening to me now with the ears of your soul, Beau Trevison," she said. "For I'm swearing by the Seven Sorrows of Ireland that no man rises by my lad's fall, and when I gave him my promise this day for a Christmas gift, I gave it forever and the day after that, not for fair weather, to be taking it back in the storm! Banishment, is it? Then they'll never send him so far that I won't be following—over hill and dale, leaping the streams and sleeping in the dingle with ragged leaves tangled in my hair the way you'd take me for a gypsy itself, into dark foreign lands, and me not knowing the tongues they'd be talking—as long as my two weary feet can carry me, and when they can't, then, God help me, I'll be going to him on my hands and my knees!"

"Gad, but you've spirit, Madam," said her host as he had said before, and it was clear that she had only fanned the flame of his infatuation. "Too much to waste on a muddle-headed soldier!" He gave himself a generous drink and shook his head over her lack of taste. "A lumpish lout who could not even carry a message without..."

"Now, God forgive me for a simple fool," Moyra O'Toole said suddenly, her eyes narrowing, "but there's a bright moon rising in my wits at last, and I see clearly: 'Twas yourself had him set upon and the letter stolen, the way you'd be putting black shame on him!"

"Fiddle-faddle! Poppy-cock!" Sir Sylvester smiled at her in derision. "Play-acting still, Madam? This is not Drury Lane."

"But a worse place, I'm thinking, and it was a true tale I heard surely from the old creature that was setting me right in the fog a half-hour past, and he coming this way himself—an old piman, destroyed with age and weariness, that told me tale would make the blood run cold in your veins about my lad's mother, 'The White Lady' coming here to this house on Christmas Eve, making moan for her son, that you promised to guard and guide like your own, and the curse of the crows on you for the black deed of this night!" He made futile attempts to placate her, to stay her, but she would not be denied. "And it's the vile, wicked heart you have in you, I'm hearing, the way you'd be going to St. James to see the soldiers flogged, and the poor devils of prisoners in Bridewell, and you taking snuff and dusting off your delicate fingers!"

A voice rose out of the night, lustily calling:

"Eleven o'clock!"

Time honest folk are abed,

And knaves turned out o' doors!"

"It's yourself is the knave should be turned out," said the actress bitterly, "but I'll be stepping to my carriage and driving to the King's palace and craving audience with His Majesty, and telling him a thing will put you out of this proud room and into a barred cell, I'm thinking, and..."

But she broke off suddenly, halted as he had not been able to halt her, by the sight and the sound of young Roger, plunging headlong into the room by the garden door.

"Oh, God love you, lad dear!" she cried, running toward him, her blue eyes misty, and her voice warm with pity. "Glory be to God—is it your own bright blood I see spilt on you, and you destroyed with worry and shame this night?"



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Her lover put her roughly away from him. "And what are you doing here, Madam? Here, alone, in my uncle's house, at night?"

She almost swayed under the shock of it, and she was so deep in her wrath for him that she was a bewildered instant in coming out of it, in taking in the meaning of his words: "Roger, darling—man dear—the old spalpeen asked me here to meet 'merrie Christmas company', he did be calling it, and myself glad of the diversion and you going the deep seas over to France, but when I got here . . ."

"Yes," said the young soldier coldly, "yes; I would be on my way to France, and you—you that melted in my arms and gave me your pledged word this very night—you would be here and 'glad of the diversion'!"

Then the Irish actress stood still and silent, looking at him, her blue, black-fringed eyes wide, and her lips parted: "What do you mean?" she said at last, almost in a whisper.

BEFORE he could answer her Beau Trevison stepped forward, a little unsteady on his feet but quite clear in his head. "Perhaps this will settle the argument without more words, nevvv,"—he touched the little wilted nosegay in the glass on his table—"the flowers that you gave her . . . that she gave me . . ."

"Lad, it's the black lie he's telling you! Drooped and dying of thirst they were, and me putting them in water for a minute only." She went nearer to him again, looking up at him for all she was a tall girl and held herself proudly: "Roger, Roger, have done with the cold rain of doubt is raining in your heart!"

"Doubt?" He turned from her, walking away toward the door. "Doubt! There's no doubt in my mind, Madam. I know my uncle—in—in these matters, and now—poor fool that I've been—I know you!" At the door he paused, looking long at her, his young eyes hard with suffering.

"Roger Trevison," she said, very low, "listen well to the thing I'm telling you! Go now, in your jealous rage, and wait for the day that will bring you the truth. But if ever you come back, if ever you're daring to speak to me again all the long years of the world—it'll be on your two knees you come, and your proud head hanging!"

He flung himself out at that and the door crashed behind him, and she stood looking after him, trembling, her face in her hands. It was a long moment before she turned about; the Beau had spoken three times to her, softly, triumphantly.

"Well, now," she said, flinging her head back, "'tis good riddance to bad rubbish, I'm thinking! Let you be forgetting the rough side of my tongue you've heard this night, man dear, and let us be 'merrie'—that 'merrie company of two' you did be talking of!" Her brogue and her construction grew broader as she went on:

"Oh, 'tis well to be merry and wise!

And 'tis well to be honest and true!

'Tis well to be off with the old love

Before you are on with the new!"

Singing in the high sweet voice beloved of Drury Lane, she caught up her shepherd's crook and danced across the floor.

"Mistress, dare I believe my ears?" He held out his arms.

She shrugged her shoulders daintily, dancing out of his reach. "And if even the old love's gone in the fog, what can you offer, new love?"

HE found himself annoyingly unsure of foot, and he stopped at the table and tossed off a drink. "What can I offer, Madam? I can offer this house, and all that stands in it, and certain fine farm lands in Sussex, and a hunting lodge in Scotland, and a cellar—a cellar, Mistress! And the prestige of my name, my dear! Beau Trevison has made an actress before this, in his day!"

"But your day's on the wane, I'm thinking," she said teasingly, "the way I'm hearing fine tales about a grand young lad is coming on in favor—George Brummel, by name, and a beau to make all other beaus look like tinkers and they tramping the road!"

"A callow stripling," said Sir Sylvester angrily, "a green unseasoned youth! Trust me, Mistress, and . . ."

"Oh, I'll trust you, surely, God save you kindly," her voice was merry and cordial; "but I'd be rare and pleased if I knew for sure that you had the lad's letter and him out of the running forever!"

The peer was tipsy, but a cunning light came into his befuddled eyes. "I have the letter, 'pon honor, Mistress; but the price of a sight of it is your pledged word and a kiss!"

"Well, now, but you're a sharp bargainer, man dear, and I'll take your terms, but payment is deferred till after we've had supper!"

"Supper, Mistress?"

"Supper, man!" She clapped her hands to her bodice with a woeful comic face. "Faith, and there's famine in Ireland, I'm telling you! I'm thinking a bite of supper beneath my belt would put heart in me against the terrors of this night, Beau Trevison!"

"Terrors?" he blinked at her. "What terrors, Mistress?"

She came nearer to him, dropping her voice to an eerie whisper. "What terrors indeed but 'The White Lady' coming back to earth and she keening like a Banshee every year of the world on the stroke of the hour between Christmas Eve and Christmas Day!"

"Nonsense," said Beau Trevison thickly. "Servants' jibber-jabber! Come, my dear . . ."

Moyra O'Toole shook her head. "Let yourself say 'nonsense', God help you; but I'm Irish, man dear, and there's a deal of truth in it all, I'm fearing! There was a man at home in Kenmare, I mind, and he beating his wife, and she dying on him, and every month, in the full of the moon . . ." she dropped her voice to a crooning monotone of melancholy, holding him with her bright, black-fringed eyes as the Ancient Mariner held the Wedding Guest, spinning him a tale of creeping horrors and cold moonlight, of brooding dread and sudden tragedy, drawing it tenuously out while the slow hand crawled up the face of the clock.

At ten minutes before midnight she ceased speaking, shuddered, looked timorously about her and put a shaking hand on his arm. "Let you make haste now, man dear, for the love of heaven, and bring me a bite and a sup will put spirit in me, for when the stomach's light, sure the heart's heavy, as my father used to say, and he in glory seven years, may angels spread his bed!" Coaxing, cajoling, promising, she got him out of the room, carrying the largest candelabra in his hand; and no sooner had his unsteady footsteps died away in the corridor than she was about her frantic preparations—snuffing all the other candles in the room, drawing the curtains and letting in a flood of silver moonlight, turning her long cloak inside out to show the white lining, and wrapping herself in it, and catching up a small white cover from a side table and flinging it over her head. She waited then, breathing fast, her face as white, now, as the poor wraith she was impersonating, and her eyes wide. When the minute hand of the clock hesitated just before the hour she slipped behind one of the window curtains, screaming as she did so, a long and piercing scream of pitiful fright:

"Help! Help! Beau Trevison! Oh, Glory be to God . . ." Her voice ceased suddenly on a high note of wild fear.

"I'm coming! Coming! Nerves, Mistress, nothing but . . ." He came in at the hall door, a laden tray in his hands, and stepped boldly forward and stood

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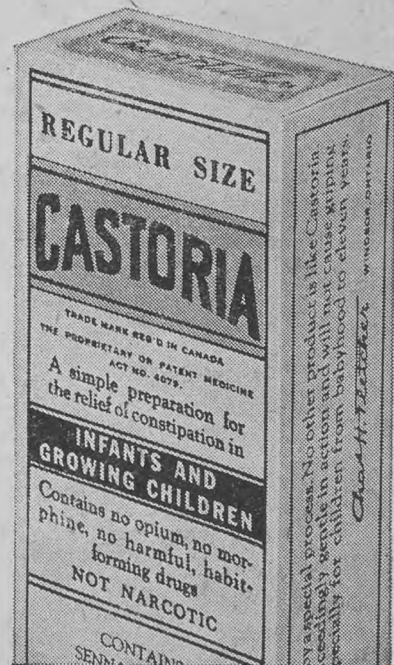
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still. "Moyra! My dear, where are you? The lights . . ." his voice quavered. Silence; silence and moonlight and the breathless, hurried ticking of the tall clock.

There was a little rush of ticking, a hush, an instant's pause. One, chimed the old clock, mellowly; two, three—

"Twelve o'clock and the fog gone,
And a fair Christmas night,
And the little stars come a-peeping,
And the moon shining bright!"

It was the voice of the Watch, but it had a weird, uncanny quality, leaping out of the silver silence.

"Moyra! For God's sake and Mary's love . . ." breathed Sir Sylvester, his knees knocking together. "If that damned pieman . . ."

"Eight, nine," said the clock, relentlessly.

THEN the strange and eerie call came up to them from the street, the Pieman's tone, surely, but thinned and chilled and changed, and the pieman's call in cadence and bear, but with new and terrible words:

"All cold! All cold! All cold!
Broken hearts, broken faith,
All cold!

Tears, groans and moans and ghostly sighs,

Tears from dead eyes!

All cold! All cold! All cold!"

She stepped forward then, away from the window curtain, Moyra O'Toole, idol of Dublin and Drury Lane, in her white shroudings, with a faint, hollow moan, and stood silent in a stream of silver light, and she looked very tall and very terrible, with her hidden face.

Beau Trevison dropped his tray with a crash, and fell, groveling, into his chair, his hands before his head, fending off the apparition, making strange, uncouth noises for a peer and a beau.

"My . . . boy's . . . letter . . ."

He wasn't sure whether he'd heard it or conjured it up out of his frightened fancy; but he scrambled to his feet and went stumbling and groping to the table and took his big book by its covers and shook it wildly, cursing and mouthing, and the large official-looking letter fell out and fluttered over the floor, and came to rest almost at The White Lady's feet, and The White Lady, pounced down on it with a glad exultant cry and snatched it up and thrust it in her bosom. "Now then, bad scram to you, knave, and fool that you are, Beau Trevison, I'm off to the King!"

But Sir Sylvester, with an agility amazing in a man of his years and his potatoes, barred the way. "You hell-witch!" he spat out venomously. "Not with that letter! Not—alive—with that letter! Ah—would you?" He was almost as quick as she was in her youth and cleverness; he had the rapier down from the wall and in his hand only an instant behind her.

"Now, glory be to God I'm the only son my father ever had, may his bed above be easy," she panted, fending him off. "Say your prayers, Sir Sylvester Godfrey Trevison, the way I'm far on the road to be spilling your evil blood on your grand clean floor! Murder it is to be killing a man—what is it to be killing a weasel?"

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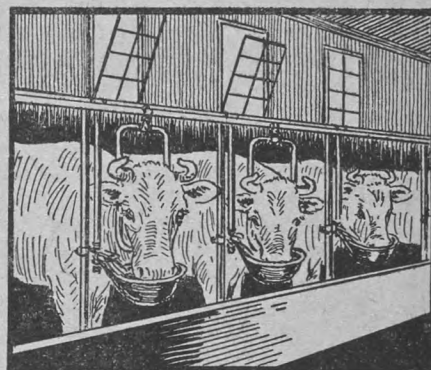
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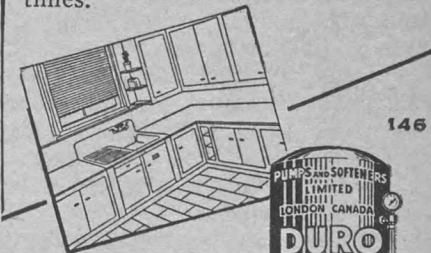
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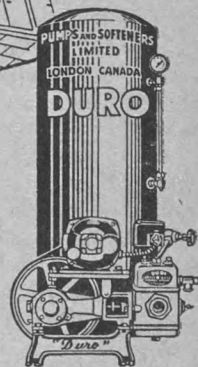
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He was rather worse than sixty, and he was very tipsy, and he began to give way before her, and little flecks of foam came out upon his bitten lip, and his eyes were the eyes of a vicious, poisonous creature in a trap.

"There!" she cried out suddenly, triumphantly, spinning his weapon neatly out of his weakened hand and pinning him flat against the wall. And, "There!" she cried again proudly, to young Roger, coming headlong in at the garden door as he'd come twice before that night. "Here's your uncle, Roger Trevison, and why I'm not running him through the way you'd kill a snake itself, God knows! It's small loss he'd be, surely, the man that's cheated you out of your inheritance, and had you set upon and robbed this night, and did his wicked best to steal me from you!"

"Moyra!" said the soldier, staring, and, "Uncle! In God's name . . ."

THERE had been more noise in the battle than either had reckoned with, and now two strange figures stood peering in at the door, the Watch, with his dog on the leash, sniffing and growling, and his lantern and bell and halberd, and the ancient pieman with his tray, the pieman who had told tales and sung songs to an orphan and mourned the decline of his fortunes.

"Well, now, God save you kindly," said Moyra O'Toole, greeting them. "Yourselves can be witnesses; let you look sharp now! I took this from the old spalpeen by a trick, and I give it back to your hand, Roger Trevison, for a

Christmas gift, and let you make speed on your way to France!"

She released Beau Trevison, who collapsed in a crumpled mumbling heap on the floor, and she took out the large, official-looking letter, warm with her bosom's warmth, and handed it over to her lover; but when he rushed to her, arms stretched and penitent words in his mouth, she regarded him coldly.

"I know!" he caught himself up remorsefully. "I know what you said, Moyra! . . . 'On my two knees, and my head hanging . . .'" and he dropped abjectly down before her.

She looked at him for a long instant, contentedly, out of her blue, black-fringed eyes, taking in the tumbling hair and the mud and bruises, and her mouth grew soft. She gave him a little push. "Let you get up and sit down like a Christian," she said crisply. "Now, God love you, if there's anybody at all on your knees," she pushed him again, this time into his uncle's chair, "twill be myself!"

And when she was safe in her coach again, and young Roger spurring his jaded horse on the Dover Road, and the old Beau gnashing his teeth in the great house which was his no longer, and the dark rogue drinking up the fat purse in a tap-room, and the weary Watch footed it faithfully on his rounds:

"Tis one o'clock,"

he called, hoarsely, but lustily for all that.

"And the moon shining bright,
So, God give you goodnight
And a merrie Christmas!"

mined to find my way and not let him think I was dependent upon his help. He neither moved nor spoke. I hesitated for a second, hoping that he would relent—and then, finding him as stubborn as myself, I plunged blindly into the thick bushes, not knowing which way I was going or where I would land.

IT was a foolish thing to do, for I was as much lost as ever, and the way did not improve any; but there still lurked back in my mind a suspicion, or at least a hope, that he would follow and either renew his persuasion or meekly submit and show me the way.

It was quite feminine to appear perverse under such circumstances, but even more so to show disappointment and chagrin at the outcome.

I was piqued and irritated, but not once did I turn my head. I would not give him the satisfaction of guessing that I already regretted my act.

I plunged blindly forward and, as if that might excite his sympathy, I chose the very worst, tearing through a wall of vines that threatened to shred me of all outer garments, and splashing in pools of muddy water that sucked and gurgled horribly all around me.

Not for worlds would I have weakened when he did not come to my rescue. Like a bird caught in a snare I struggled desperately onward until the dark, dank pool was left far behind.

I was not immediately conscious of it, but dusk was gathering in the swamp. And when it dawned upon me that night was approaching I experienced a new panicky feeling. It was bad enough to be lost in such a place in broad daylight, but to spend the night there was a thing too dreadful to face. I grew suddenly frightened, and the reaction left me weak and trembling.

In the midst of my fright a vivid flash of lightning, followed by an ear-splitting crash of thunder, brought me to my feet with a jump.

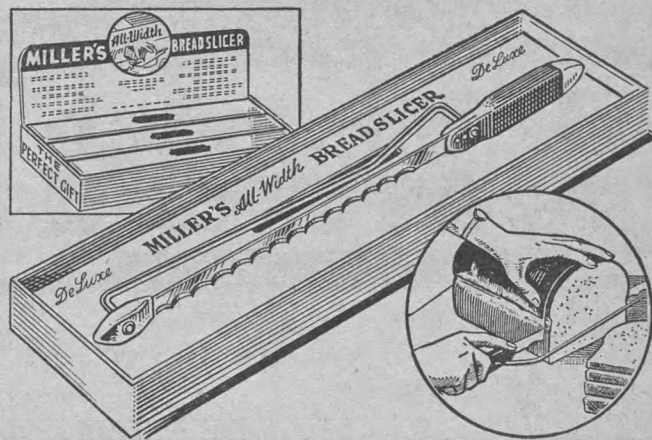
A storm had been brewing, and the dark clouds obscuring the sun were more responsible for the twilight than the approaching night. There was little



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THE DALLAS HEART

Continued from page 7

"I was on my way to Swamp Hollow when I got lost."

He started and frowned, giving me a quick, enquiring glance.

We both remained silent a moment, gazing at the pool—he very grave and motionless, I curious and vaguely apprehensive.

"Swamp Hollow," he began after a lengthy pause, "is seldom visited. It's a lonely place. Do you know anything about it?"

"A little."

"A little knowledge is sometimes dangerous," he quoted, smiling again. "If I were you I wouldn't go on."

"Why not?" I asked sharply.

"Because—because . . ." he stammered, and then came to an abrupt stop.

"I can't tell you," he added later. "But take my advice. Don't go! Come with me. I was on my way out of the swamp. Together we can find a trail."

I shook my head stubbornly.

"I'm going on," I said. "If you know the way to the house you'll help me!"

After another pause he shook his head slowly.

"No, I shan't do that! You must go out with me."

His calm assurance that I would obey him piqued me. I was not accustomed to being dictated to. I smiled and shook my head.

"I'll find it alone if you won't go with me."

I rose from the log and stood before him.

"My dear young lady," he began, rising also, "if you will be stubborn you must take the consequences. I've warned you, and I've said I wouldn't guide you. Now if you persist it must be at your own risk."

"Thank you!" I retorted. "I'll take the risk and absolve you of all blame."

I moved away, chin in the air, deter-

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consolation in this, for of the two the storm was hardly less desirable.

I screamed and closed my ears and eyes as the second crash reverberated among the hills and came booming and rolling down into the valley. The wind suddenly rose with violence, bending the tree-tops and whipping the underbrush as it rushed through them, literally tearing and twisting off leaves and branches, blowing down huge rotten trunks that fell with dull, crashing thuds that startled the birds from their nests and filled the whole swamp with terrifying sounds.

I huddled in silent terror beneath a huge oak, forgetting in my panic that a tree in a thunder storm is a poor refuge, and listened with beating heart to the warring of the elements.

For a time there was no rain. It was a wind storm, which in a woods or swamp is even more dangerous and awe-inspiring than rain.

Falling branches and trees crashed around me. How soon one would find me out and strike me to the earth seemed only a matter of moments.

To my excited imagination the very demons of the swamp had risen in their fury to punish me for invading their home.

My senses reeled under the impact of the violent sensations. And when the rain came, in sheets and torrents, it had hardly any further effects than to increase my trembling.

I was wet through in a minute, drenched to the skin. The tree offered no more shelter than a storm-riddled umbrella. The water poured through its leafy canopy in spouting streams.

I slumped down at its foot — a drenched, half-drowned, forlorn figure, expecting and waiting for my doom, quite sure that I could not survive the terrific ordeal.

All my reason and sanity deserted me. I was left only the helplessness of a child, or, rather, that of a creature of highly complex emotions suddenly stripped of the sustaining powers of reason and education.

In my plight I hadn't the solid self-control and resourcefulness of the primitive woman. All that had made her brave and courageous had been bred out of me.

In the midst of my fright there came crashing toward me a sound that was not made by the wind or rain—and through the wind-swept, interlacing branches of the swamp I saw the face of the one I had run from.

It was white and set, but it was not the terror of the storm that twisted it. A greater terror I knew was responsible for the haggard expression, and there came over me a sweet uplift of soul that no wind or rain could entirely nullify.

How strong and violent he was, brushing aside the whipping branches as if they were so many annoying insects, splashing in water up to his knees, disregarding the rain and wind and falling trees as if they were unimportant details. And once he paused as he broke through a dense thicket to shout:

"Hello! Where are you?"

Now I should have answered at once. I had been so frightened before that a call of another person would have seemed like a miracle, and I should have responded with relief.

But his white, strained face and the startled look in his eyes held me in silence. I was fascinated by them, or rather elated by the thought that I was the cause of them.

He had come searching for me. The storm had aroused his chivalry—but it was eleventh-hour penitence, and I was not ready to reward it immediately.

Perhaps he thought that I was dead, killed by a fallen tree or by a bolt of lightning or drowned in one of the slimy pools, and, conscience-stricken was coming to the rescue. It was not

exactly a flattering thought, but it had its pleasing side.

"Hello!" he shouted again, cupping his lips with his hands.

Standing there rain-drenched, disheveled and scratched, with the wild swamp in a turmoil of fury for a background, with his face to the wind which whipped and scourged cruelly, he looked the heroic figure of some storm-born demigod of the woods.

In the half light his face was a white patch, illuminated and glorified by every flash of lightning. His eyes were startled but defiant pools of liquid fire that shot a challenge to wind and rain. His body was swaying and lurching before the storm, as sturdy and stalwart as the oaks that bend but never break.

"Hello!" he repeated for the third time.

There was fear and apprehension in the voice. It rose to a bellow and went echoing above the lashing fury of the storm, clear and resonant as a trumpet.

It was then, when his eager eyes strayed toward me, that I moved and responded with a low groan. He must have seen my white, rain-soaked dress, for he came striding toward me through water and muddy bog.

HE lifted me as easily and tenderly as if I had been a child, his strong arms holding me aloft above the muddy, rain-splashed earth, while he brought his face close, his eyes peering down into mine.

"Thank God I've found you!" he breathed fervently.

Then he kissed me. It was an act so simple and spontaneous that it seemed quite natural.

"You're soaked to the skin," he added, holding me closer.

I nodded silently, shivering in his arms. He was breathing hard, as if the effort was really beginning to tell upon his strength.

The storm had not abated. If anything, it was increasing, breaking about us with demoniacal fury. The wind came charging with hurricane force, ripping, tearing and demolishing. The rain was dashing in sheets into our faces, the lightning playing continually up and down the swamp, while the thunder rolled and crashed without intermission.

The ordinary swamp pools were filling and running over, forming lakes and streams. The trees were bending and swaying, twigs and branches continually breaking and snapping with a sound like the crackle of small arms in a battle, with the rumble of the thunder for the heavy artillery.

"We must find shelter," he gasped a moment later, struggling from the mire into which his feet had sunk. "We'll drown here."

In the blackness of the storm, intensified now by the darkness of approaching night, we could see little except by the aid of the lightning flashes which, fortunately, came at such close intervals that the effect was almost continuous. They blinded us, but they lighted our way.

I clung to him, jumping and shivering with every crash. When a tree fell with thundering noise close to us I screamed and hid my face against his shoulders. Once he splashed blindly into a deeper puddle and sank to his knees, but he did not let the mud touch me.

Slowly, like a ship weathering a gale, coming up after being submerged by a giant wave, he rose to his feet and staggered onward again.

How long he carried me through the blinding storm or how far, I could not guess. It was all a terrible nightmare to me. All sensation except fear had left me.

I was neither cold nor tired nor conscious of any physical discomfort. Fear

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had conquered every other feeling, and stupefied my body.

Once when he ran into a tree, stumbling against it so that my arm took most of the shock, I did not wince or cry out. I was hardly conscious of pain.

He swore under his breath. I could hear that distinctly. And then he lurched onward again, trying to shield me from another accident by backing through the bushes when they grew thick and impenetrable.

Resting trustfully in his arms, clinging to him, I felt secure, though the storm raged and beat about our heads with merciless fury.

For a time I lay in a painless stupor, lulled into peace and security by the steady splashing of his feet and the jerking of his body. Not even the rain and wind could arouse me.

But when he paused a second, shifting my position to ease the strain on his arms, I stirred and opened my eyes.

"It ought to be off there," I heard him mutter. "It must be!"

I saw him bend and peer through the darkness, and when a vivid flash of lightning came he grunted with satisfaction.

"Yes, it's there," he added, beginning the rhythmic lurching again.

I vaguely wondered what it was that he was seeking. Some shelter? Was there a cabin of some kind in the swamp?

"Where?" I raised my head and looked around.

"Swamp Hollow!"

Of course, he meant Swamp Hollow house, the one I had missed—Abner Longwood's abode.

I was excited now, forgetting some of my fear. Against a black background I saw the outlines of the house in clear relief every time a flash of lightning shattered the gloom.

A house of many gables and towers, it appeared to me—angular and sprawling, without architectural beauty or shape, more like a crouching monster of the dark rearing its form above the mud of the swamp.

I was fascinated by it. The storm added an element of weirdness to it that it must have lacked in the daytime, and each darkening of tower and gable between flashes made the next glimpse more picturesque.

It was the picture of the photograph, limned against black thunder clouds. But to the imagination it changed and shifted, revealing new wonders—now dark and sinister, now bright and dazzling. At a distance it seemed to grow out of the swamp, with the tall trees blending with it so that no line of separation could be distinguished.

My unknown rescuer had paused, and I could feel the tensing of his muscles and the hard beating of his heart against my body. We were still a distance from the house and his back was to the storm which beat furiously upon him, the wind tearing at his clothes and hair.

He looked down once and saw my unprotected head.

That seemed to decide him, for he started forward again, trudging stolidly and heavily through the mud and water. Not another word escaped his lips, but he was breathing like a horse nearly spent with exhaustion or a man laboring under some great excitement.

We gained the shelter of the back porch, where he leaned against a post, still holding my dripping figure, and craned his head forward as if listening.

The house was all dark, and I wondered if Abner had gone to bed. Could he be sleeping through such a violent storm?

"Knock!" I whispered. "He'll let us in on such a night."

He laughed a little bitterly.

"I'll knock," he said, approaching the door, "but nobody will answer."

"Why not?" I asked, shivering.

"You're cold!" he added as if surprised, and ignoring my question.

"I'm wet," I murmured, "and the water's cold."

This statement seemed to arouse him, for he immediately tramped across the porch and fumbled with the latch of the kitchen door. It was not locked, and when it flew violently open and a gust of wind banged it he entered quickly and shut out the storm.

He stood a moment with his back to the door as if to block the entrance of any other, breathing hard and trembling.

I slipped out of his arms and stood by his side, waiting breathlessly for the next flash of lightning to give me a view of the interior which seemed a thousand times darker than the swamp outside. I know I shivered until my teeth chattered, but whether from the chill of the rain or some vague apprehension I could not say.

I sought his arm for support, and found it shaking as badly as mine.

"It's all right, isn't it?" I said feebly.

He did not answer, but clutched my arm with a force that made me wince. Then the lightning illuminated the room, flashing so brightly that it seemed like day. The whole interior was photographed on my brain in one intense, blinding moment.

It was a large room—not the kitchen, as I had imagined, but the dining or living room—with a low-beamed ceiling, the sides wainscoted half way up, and the floor laid in hard woods.

There were chairs and tables of some ancient pattern, heavily carved and designed with a solidity of purpose that went well with the rest of the room; there were rugs and skins on the floor, whose beauty or worth I could not judge in that brief instant; and pictures were on the wall, with books lining the whole of one side.

But it was none of these things that caught the eye and held it. They all faded from view, forming only a frame to the picture that was suddenly revealed to us. Our eyes focussed on it with startling understanding.

I shivered and drew back with a little cry of fear. He caught me, and for a moment held me in blind silence.

Another flash of lightning, and my first impression was confirmed.

A man lay stretched on the floor, face upward, with one hand in a pool of blood. His face was old and wrinkled, his hair white, except where the blood had stained it.

I gasped and turned away.

"Who is it?" I whispered in terror.

A bitter laugh that made my nerves tingle—and then in a gentle voice he answered:

"It's Uncle Abner!"

"Uncle Abner?"

"Yes," he added, "it was to save you from this sight that I warned you not to go on. But the storm got you—got both of us. Now . . ."

He stopped and waved a hand helplessly as if resigned to his fate.

THE gruesome discovery was no more startling to me than the words of my unknown rescuer. But for a time, even after he repeated the name, I was unable to grasp its full significance.

Uncle Abner! Why, of course, people might call him that in Wildwood—or didn't they? Why had he used that phrase?

Was Abner Longwood related to him? Nancy had said nothing about nieces and nephews.

"Uncle Abner!" I repeated after a long pause, speaking slowly. "Was he your uncle?"

"Yes, or I wouldn't be calling him that. I'm not sure that I want to acknowledge the relationship. He was anything but an uncle to me while he was alive, and now—in death—well," he shrugged his shoulders, "I'll try to be charitable."

"A Problem-Pop... that's what I've got!"

POP: A problem Pop? Now, what have I done, precious—I mean, Precocious?

PAT: Why, Pop, you brushed your teeth without . . .

POP: Without Ipana? I *did* not!

PAT: Worse'n that, Pop! *You brushed your teeth without massaging your gums!*

POP: So-o-o-o, Worry Wart?

PAT: Well, we're taught in school to massage our gums every time we brush our teeth. Because the soft, creamy foods folks eat today

don't give gums the exercise they need to keep firm and healthy. 'N' sound teeth call for healthy gums!

POP: Okay, okay . . . Now, I suppose you're going to tell me what to do for this "pink" on my tooth brush.

PAT: You bet I am! "Pink tooth brush" means *see your dentist right away!*

POP: I don't know whether to spank you or thank you, Smarty Pants. But I have an idea you're right . . .



WHAT many parents still don't know is being taught their children today in classrooms all over Canada: the importance of regular gum massage to sound, sparkling teeth.

Lazy, under-exercised gums may flash you a warning signal—a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. When you see that—*see your dentist right away*. As so many do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gum massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is specially designed to protect the health of your gums by speeding up circulation in lazy tissues . . . to give your teeth a new brightness . . . and your smile a new, radiant charm.

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"

WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE

A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada



IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

72nd ANNUAL STATEMENT

Year Ending October 31st, 1946

FINANCIAL statement of Imperial Bank of Canada for the year ended October 31, 1946, shows substantial increases in deposits by the public, a big gain in commercial loans, an overall increase in assets to a new high in the bank's history, and a moderate growth in profits.

Profits after taxes and contribution to staff-pension fund were \$940,096, compared with \$915,420 the previous year. Dividends were \$700,000, an increase from \$560,000. Amount written off bank premises is \$222,797, compared with \$213,976 in 1945. The profit and loss balance is \$1,141,006.

Assets at the year end were \$403,550,419, an increase of \$24,000,000 from \$379,179,568. Investment securities indicate a shift from shorter to

longer term, and total \$215,610,953, up from \$205,488,417 a year ago. Of these securities, \$102,898,899 is in Dominion Government bonds, maturing in two years or less.

There is an increase of nearly \$24,000,000 in current loans. These loans reflect the activity in post-war business and now total \$105,688,527.

Cash and its equivalent, including deposits with the Bank of Canada, total \$38,474,918, and is ten per cent of the total liabilities to the public. The quickly realizable assets are 75 per cent of the total liabilities to the public.

Interest-bearing deposits by the public have grown greatly, the total now being \$212,184,980, an increase of more than \$35,000,000.

CONDENSED GENERAL STATEMENT, OCTOBER 31, 1946

ASSETS

Deposits with and Notes of Bank of Canada	\$ 37,787,472.56
Notes of and Cheques on Other Banks	16,736,146.09
Other Cash and Deposits	8,415,475.06
Government and Municipal Securities (not exceeding market value)	207,661,350.80
Other Bonds and Stocks (not exceeding market value)	7,949,602.21
Call Loans (secured)	7,284,417.55

TOTAL QUICK ASSETS \$285,834,464.27

Commercial and Other Loans (after full provision for bad and doubtful debts)	107,015,891.55
Liabilities of Customers under Acceptances and Letters of Credit (as per contra)	4,955,623.17
Bank Premises	5,620,729.89
Other Assets	123,709.80

\$403,550,418.68

LIABILITIES

Deposits	381,282,345.22
Notes in Circulation	995,312.50
Acceptances and Letters of Credit Outstanding	4,955,623.17

TOTAL LIABILITIES TO THE PUBLIC \$387,233,280.89

Dividends due Shareholders	176,131.49
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits	16,141,006.30

\$403,550,418.68

R. S. WALDIE,
President.

W. G. MORE,
General Manager.

CAPITAL \$7,000,000 **A complete Banking Service is available through our Canadian Branches and foreign agents.** **RESERVE** \$8,000,000

Intermittent flashes of lightning cast the room into brilliant daylight, and with each flare the body of the dead man on the floor stood out in startling relief.

His white face and hair contrasted sharply with the dark patch of blood, and the limp arms and legs were drawn up as if, in the death agony, he had struggled to rise to his feet.

I watched the figure in a sort of silent stupor.

"I didn't want to get you into this," I heard my companion of the swamp say. "It's not a pretty sight. Murder is always gruesome..."

"Murder!" I interrupted, speaking quickly.

"Of course! You knew that, didn't you?"

I nodded, my throat and lips too dry to articulate a reply. The most brilliant flash of the storm, followed by deep-toned, nerve-shattering thunder, filled the room and held everything for a moment in its light.

I looked into my companion's face. The eyes were sombre and downcast, the brow clouded, the head drooping.

SUDDENLY I thought of the blood on his hands and sleeves, and a horror of suspicion seized me. I caught at his arm.

"You knew?" I whispered. "You knew before you met me?"

He nodded. "Yes, I tried to save you from this. But now..."

Involuntarily I shrank away from him. I could not for the life of me do otherwise, but when he noticed it and gave a great start I was ashamed of myself.

To make amends I reached out and took his hand, but he pushed mine away.

"You think I'm the murderer?" he asked a little bitterly.

I did not reply, and he continued: "But it's natural. You don't know me. Even if you did..."

He broke off with a harsh, bitter laugh.

"Well, it doesn't matter," he added. "He's dead, and that ends it. I was a fool to come back. He wouldn't have listened to me if—if..."

That trick of his of breaking off suddenly in the midst of a sentence was irritating, and I said sharply: "Go on! Tell me all! I must know! You must!"

He was silent a moment, watching me, taking advantage of every flash of lightning. Finally he shook his head slowly.

"I don't know why I should tell you. It's a family affair. Strangers..."

"Strangers!" I broke in. "Do you call me a stranger?"

"No," he said after a pause, "I seem to have known you for years. Sometimes we feel that way, meeting people for the first time. It is as if we'd always known them."

"Perhaps we have met," I interrupted.

"No, not that I can recall," he replied gravely. "Your face..."

"Listen! You haven't told me your name."

He smiled and nodded his head before answering.

"Jerry Longwood!"

"Jerry Longwood," I repeated absently.

"Yes, I'm a Longwood—Uncle Abner's nephew, although he disowned me and cursed me years ago. We never could get along together. We always quarrelled. Even as a boy I disliked him, and he me. I was always too rough and boisterous for him."

Here were complications that I had not foreseen, and I began blaming Nancy for not telling me of this side of the family history.

Should I carry out my original plan and introduce myself as Nancy Lee? I was a little skeptical of Jerry Longwood, afraid that those eyes might penetrate through my deception, and

for a moment I was torn between conflicting emotions.

The body of the dead man on the floor suddenly diverted my mind. I shuddered and asked:

"What happened? Who killed him? Do you know?"

He smiled in spite of the harrowing circumstances, and said:

"A few minutes ago you thought I was the murderer."

"Oh, no!" I protested.

But unconsciously my eyes sought his hand and sleeves where I had seen the dried blood.

"Others might think the same," he continued, ignoring my interruption. "It would be natural. Circumstantial evidences are against me. I was fleeing from the house and swamp when I met you."

I nodded silently, urging him with my eyes to go on.

"Then knowing what you would find here," he added, "I tried to dissuade you from going on."

"If I'd known," I began weakly, "I'd have listened, but..."

He turned to me and asked abruptly: "Won't you tell me your name and why you wanted to come here?"

I hesitated a long time, now that a decision had to be made, and my silence and embarrassment became noticeable. Finally, in desperation, I blurted out:

"Do you remember Nancy Lee?"

"Nancy Lee!" he repeated slowly, frowning in an attempt to remember.

I DID not help him, but waited patiently. Gradually his eyes narrowed, and then with a great start he exclaimed:

"Do you mean Aunt Mary's child? Yes, I recall her name was Nancy—Nancy Lee! Why, Nancy," he added, seizing both of my hands, "can it be possible? Why—why..."

He became a little incoherent and stammered to a pause, all the while shaking my hands and exhibiting extraordinary emotion. He all but kissed me again, but I drew back when he leaned toward me.

"Nancy Lee!" he repeated. "Aunt Mary's child! I should have known you at once. I did in a way. I told you I felt as if we'd met before. I understand now. After all, blood is thicker than water, isn't it?"

He chuckled and tried to draw me nearer, but I was not particularly pleased, and it was on the tip of my tongue to tell him the truth when a noise quite different from any made by the storm startled both of us. We listened in breathless silence, holding hands.

"What is it?" I whispered.

"It sounded like—like a groan," he replied slowly in a low voice.

Now as there could be only one explanation for that, if it were true, I recoiled; and then, recovering myself, I tried to collect my senses.

He should have spoken or acted first, and I waited for him. But he was silent and motionless, listening for a repetition of the sound. When I could endure the silence no longer, I broke out in a trembling voice:

"He's still alive! He's not dead!"

"Not dead!" was the mechanical reply. "Oh, yes, he is! I made sure of that before I left. He was stone dead—cold and stiff."

"But he groaned," I added. "I heard him. So did you."

We stood there, clinging to each other, watching the figure on the floor, waiting for it to move or speak. The peak of the storm had passed, and the lightning flashes were less prolonged and coming at longer intervals. The wind still howled and shrieked dismally, rattling loose boards and shutters and playing pandemonium among the tree branches.

The periods of total darkness between flashes became so prolonged that I grew half hysterical waiting for the

light, and once when the room remained black for a full minute I could not stifle an inclination to cry out:

"Oh, we must have a light! I can't stand it!"

His arms went around me protectingly, and his voice was tender and soothing.

"Nothing can hurt you, Nancy, but if you're frightened I'll take you in the other room."

"No! No! I cried when I realized that to reach the next room I would be compelled to pass close to Abner Longwood's body. "You must strike a light! Find one!"

I knew by his hesitation that he did not take kindly to this request, and his labored breathing told me that his excitement was nearly as great as mine. I clutched at his hand and squeezed it desperately. He returned the pressure, and then said steadily:

"All right, Nancy, I'll strike a light, but I'm not sure it's safe."

"Safe! Why isn't it safe? It's safer than this darkness!"

He disengaged a hand and fumbled in a pocket. A few seconds later he produced a metal match case and struck a light and held it over his head until the flame went out.

"You see, nothing is wrong," he assured me. "It was only our imagination—or the storm."

"No! No!" I shuddered. "It was a groan."

"Let me take you into the next room," he said gently. "It's the sight of the body that frightens you. I can assure you beyond a doubt that Uncle Abner's been dead for an hour or more. Come, now, hold my arm; I'll lead you past him."

I hadn't the physical power to protest, and the words died in my dry throat. Before I realized it I was being led across the room, a hand guiding me.

But when we got opposite the body my legs collapsed under me. I would have fallen if he hadn't picked me up and carried me.

WHEN I recovered some of my self-possession I was lying on a couch. Jerry had closed the door, shutting out the gruesome sight that had terrified me. He was fumbling around in the dark.

Fearful of losing him, I called softly. He was instantly at my side.

"I'm making a fire in the grate," he said. "We're both wet to the skin. It will dry our clothes and give us some light."

I nodded mutely and released his hand. When he struck a match and ignited the kindlings in the fireplace I drew a sigh of relief. It was a big fireplace, large enough to accommodate six-foot logs; but there was nothing in it but a few dry kindlings and several pieces of cannon coal.

"Uncle Abner always kept this ready for a fire," Jerry said, chuckling to himself, "but I don't believe it's been lighted for years. He was too miserly. I shouldn't be surprised if it were the same coal that's always been in it."

I was more interested in the fire than in his reflections, and when it blazed up I stretched forth my hands to its grateful warmth.

Jerry moved the couch close to the blaze and then sat down on a hard stool at the foot of it. The kindlings burned freely, casting quaint shadows in the back of the room, but I kept my eyes on the fire, dreading to look behind me.

The warmth was so grateful that gradually the chill that had shaken my body subsided. Some of my fear went with it.

Jerry rose and crossed the room to the windows, pulled down the shades and drew the heavy curtains to shut out the storm. Or was it the light within that he wished to veil?

When he returned and took his seat again, I had a chance to study his face.

It was strong and handsome, but pale and drawn. The eyes were sombre, but alert, roving back and forth as if looking for something. I attributed that to the same fear that had possessed me.

Once I stretched forth a hand to speak, but he seized it and held it.

"It's all right, Nancy," he smiled. "There's nothing to fear now."

I felt stronger and less hysterical, and when I spoke my voice was almost normal.

"Are you sure that wasn't Uncle Abner's groan?" I whispered.

"Quite sure!" he laughed. "But if you want me to, I'll go back and make certain."

"Please do," I said. "I'll feel better to know that—that . . ."

"I understand, Nancy," he interrupted. "I'll go at once."

When he left me, closing the door softly behind him, I felt an unaccountable sense of fear and loneliness stealing over me again. I shivered and leaned nearer the fire. It lighted up only a small part of the big library. The rest was cast into shadow or total darkness.

He was gone a long time. Minutes seemed like hours to me. I looked at the closed door, and then cast a furtive glance back of me.

At first I was not conscious of anything unusual. Even when I saw two flashes of light reflected from the fire, attributed it to my imagination and tried to persuade myself that it was all a case of nerves.

But as I looked the pin points of light grew larger and slowly assumed the shape and size of human eyes.

Under ordinary circumstances I would not have been greatly startled, for I prided myself upon my self-control and sanity in emergencies; but the night's experience had already unnerved me and left me trembly and touchy.

The eyes were glaring at me out of the opaque darkness in the back of the room—eyes that seemed large and uncanny, fierce, malevolent and penetrating. I stared in frozen silence, horror paralyzing my muscles.

Then, slowly, out of the gloom a human face emerged, still vague and shadowy—but the nose, the chin, the cheeks and the white, wrinkled brow were outlined with unmistakable clarity.

Someone was in the room watching me! That was my first thought, and I clutched at the couch with both hands.

Then a strange, menacing similarity with the face of the dead man in the next room made the features repulsive and startling. My heart stopped beating, my breath came in short gasps, my hands trembled, my whole body vibrated and shook.

The face moved nearer, drifting toward me, the eyes holding me with their hypnotic gaze. This movement broke the spell, and with a cry of horror I fell back upon the couch and swooned.

I could hear the echo of my own voice circling around and returning to me in little waves of sound before I lost consciousness. I know that I shrieked twice, and each time I called Jerry.

WHEN I regained my senses I was lying on the couch, with Jerry kneeling at my side rubbing my hands and repeatedly calling my name.

The fire had burned low, the kindling had been consumed, and the dark cannon coal was sending off more smoke than flame. The room was warm now, and my clothes were no longer clinging to me in damp familiarity.

"Nancy! Nancy!" I heard Jerry calling. "Wake up, Nancy! There's nothing to hurt you."

I came to an upright position on the couch with a start and stared in the



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direction of the face; but it was not there. Recollection of its sinister expression made me shudder.

"What is it, dear?" Jerry asked, watching me with anxious eyes.

"The face!" I gasped. "I saw it there, looking at me."

"Oh, Jerry," I added, covering my eyes, "it was the face of Uncle Abner!"

"Nonsense!" he said sharply. "It's your nerves, Nancy. Uncle Abner's in the dining room. I was with him when you shrieked."

I shook my head stubbornly. Nothing could convince me that I hadn't seen the face of the dead man, with his deep-set, luminous eyes watching me.

Jerry was gentle and considerate, humoring me with silence instead of contradicting me again. And after a while I grew calm enough to talk coherently.

He listened without comment, but I could see by the half-concealed smile on his face that he was not impressed. His skepticism, unexpressed in words, but manifest in his face and eyes, irritated me.

"If it wasn't Uncle Abner," I cried finally, "then who was it? I saw a man's face and eyes. He stood back there watching me. Is there someone else in the house?"

Jerry's face grew grave and serious at this, and he answered frankly: "I don't know. I hope not. I shouldn't think the murderer would linger here long."

"Who was the murderer?" I asked quickly.

HE did not answer, but got up and tiptoed across the room, looking into the dark corners and behind curtains and articles of furniture. When he returned he took his seat again and stared blankly into the fire, his chin resting on a hand.

He sat there a long time, silent and motionless, while I watched him with wondering, puzzled eyes. Once I stretched forth a hand to touch his, but drew it back, resisting the temptation to comfort him or tell him that I didn't suspect him of any such crime.

"Nancy," he said finally without looking up, "I'll tell you all I know. If we're going to work together—and of course we are—we must be frank with each other."

He shot me a quick glance and smiled. But I remained silent and motionless, not returning his look.

"I came here last night to see Uncle Abner about—about—Well, you ought to know!" he added, after breaking off with a short laugh.

"I fancy you came on the same errand, and I don't blame you. Take it all in all, we deserve it. Uncle Abner treated us miserably."

His words mystified me, but I did not let him see it, and resolutely kept my eyes from meeting his.

"I haven't been in Wildwood for fifteen years," he went on slowly, looking back at the flickering fire. "In all that time I haven't heard from any of the family. I'm an orphan, you know, the same as you."

He glanced up fleetingly and smiled. I merely nodded and shifted my position so that the light from the fire fell directly on his face and kept mine in shadow.

"Being an orphan is worse for a woman than a man, I suppose," he commented. "So I won't stress that point."

He was so evidently trying to interest me and quiet my fears that I could not forebear relaxing a little. "I've managed to live," I whispered, "but mother . . ."

I had to pause there, for in pretending to mourn for Nancy's mother a lump rose in my throat. Even though

I had never known my own mother, I had a sacred feeling for her, which imagination if not memory could idealize. A tear stood on a lash and slowly made its way down my cheek. Jerry saw it and reached forth and took a hand.

"Poor Nancy! I'm sorry for you. Aunt Mary was—was my favorite aunt. Next to mother I loved her the most."

"But Aunt Janice—you loved her too," I broke in.

His face hardened. "The less said about Aunt Janice the better. She suffered, too, and paid the price. Uncle Abner bent her to his will—made her a tool of his ambition. But that shouldn't have turned her against her own flesh and blood."

"Why—why . . ." I began in consternation, and then checked myself.

Nancy had not informed me of anything against her Aunt Janice. I suddenly felt that I was getting into deep water. It was not so easy to carry off the role I had assumed as I had thought it would be before I met Jerry.

After a pause during which we sat almost motionless, listening to the rattling of the blinds and the groaning of the trees outside, he raised his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"But we won't rake out the old family skeletons. Let them rest. They're none too savory. Uncle Abner was the black sheep who made misery for all. And even though he's now lying in there dead, with a knife in his heart, I cannot feel much sympathy for him."

"But the irony of it is that you mistook me for his murderer. And if I'm seen around here I may be arrested and charged with the crime. I, a murderer."

HE laughed bitterly and leaned forward until his face grew ruddy with the flames.

"Forgive me," I said, stretching out a hand. "I—I don't believe it now. It was the blood on your hands and sleeves."

"Blood! Oh, yes," he added, "I remember now. You saw it. I washed it away in the pool."

He chuckled softly.

"And you connected that with Uncle's murder? Circumstantial evidence again! They'd be damning if—if . . ."

His old trick of stopping in the midst of a sentence suddenly checked him again. I frowned, watching him, for I was still mystified and anxious to have him tell all.

"The blood was not fresh," I remarked. "I saw that. It was dried . . ."

"It should have been," he laughed.

"I got it the day before in Jackson's slaughter-house. You remember Jackson's, or don't you? Perhaps not—you left Wildwood early."

"I strolled down there to see if Jackson still owned it. They were slaughtering a beef. I was curious and stood too near. The blood spurted out and covered me."

The explanation seemed plausible. But it was strange that he had gone a whole day and night without cleaning it off his hands and sleeves. A slight doubt rose in my mind, but I resolutely suppressed it.

"Why did you come to Swamp Hollow?" I asked, speaking quickly to cover my confusion.

"For the same reason you did, I fancy. Confess now."

He was looking at me, smiling and waiting for a reply. Instead of answering, I averted my face and grew very red. Evidently he misunderstood, for he laughed lightly and turned back to the fire.

"Well," he observed after a long pause, "Uncle's death has made it easier for us. We can search the house together. There won't be any interrup-

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tion; but by morning we must be gone. It would never do for either of us to be seen lurking around here."

"You think," I gasped, "they would—would suspect me of—of . . ."

"They would suspect anyone," he cut in. "These country detectives are not very shrewd. They'd jump at the first clue they stumbled across. Perhaps they wouldn't suspect you if I were here."

"No, that would be a little too much. It's the two of us together that would arouse suspicion. My presence would involve you."

"I shouldn't have returned. I shouldn't have returned. I should have gone on. I was fleeing, frightened out of my wits, when I met you. Did I look frightened?"

Again I did not answer. The whole conversation had puzzled me, and I wished myself out of the whole affair. Why had I undertaken such a foolish adventure?

I looked around wildly for a plausible way out of my predicament. I had not introduced myself as Nancy Lee, but I had let him think I was his cousin, which amounted to almost the same thing.

There was some mystery that Nancy had kept concealed from me. Or perhaps she had not thought enough of it to feel that it need to be explained. And now my ignorance was causing me endless confusion. But the confession that sprang to my lips was checked by Jerry, who went on quietly:

"I came back to Swamp Hollow after these many years to see Uncle Abner. I hoped to come to a settlement with him. If not—then . . ."

He stopped and waved a hand threateningly—but seeing my sudden start and frown he smiled and shook his head.

"No, I don't mean I was going to do him bodily harm," he added. "But I intended to get hold of the Dallas Heart, or at least to make a search for it. I felt sure Uncle kept it hidden in Swamp Hollow."

The Dallas Heart! What did he mean? My effort to solve the riddle only increased my confusion. But still I held back my confession, anxious to learn more about the mystery. My curiosity was now aroused, and I turned to him with a luring smile.

"You were going to burglarize the house? If not a murderer, then a burglar?"

"I suppose it would be called that," he admitted. "But stealing what belongs to you is no crime, is it?"

"No," I replied, "but—what of me?"

He studied the flames a moment in silence, and then glanced up and smiled.

"Of course, your right in it is equal to mine," he said slowly, "and I would share it with you. Judge Dallas left it as a dowry to Betty and Mary, Janice having relinquished all right to it when she took Swamp Hollow."

"Betty!" I breathed softly looking enquiringly at him.

"Yes—my mother, your Aunt Betty!"

Oh, how stupid of Nancy not to have made a clearer and more detailed explanation of the family tree! She had not even mentioned Aunt Betty. I began to feel that I knew less than nothing of the Lees and the Longwoods of Wildwood and Swamp Hollow. But by degrees I was being enlightened by Jerry, and I encouraged him to go on.

"When you came here you found Uncle Abner, and he refused to listen to you?" I asked.

A hard, ironic expression came into his face.

"I found him," he said steadily after a long pause, "but not as you think."

HE moved uneasily and glanced around the darkened room. The thunder and lightning had passed, and only the wind remained to remind us of the recent storm. The room was no longer intermittently lighted up with vivid flashes, but remained clothed in

sombre darkness save for the fitful flames from the coal.

"I found him," he continued in a low voice, "in there—dead—stabbed to the heart—weltering in his own blood just as you saw him!"

"Oh!" I shuddered, clasping my hands.

"It was a terrible sight," he went on slowly. "It completely unnerved me. He had been only recently killed. The body was barely cold. The murderer had had hardly time enough to get away."

Again he glanced nervously back of him and, recalling the sinister face I had seen in the back of the room, I followed his eyes. We sat silent, looking intently, clasping hands for mutual courage.

"You see anyone?" he asked in a whisper.

"No, but I did."

"Tell me—what did he look like?"

"The face and eyes," I shuddered, "were—were those of Uncle Abner."

"Nonsense! That's your imagination! How could he be in here, with his body out there dead?"

I shook my head without comment. I could not explain, but I was sure I had not been deceived.

He drew a deep sigh after a while.

"We're letting things get on our nerves," he added. "Next we'll see ghosts and spirits."

He got up and crossed to the window, jerking the curtain aside hastily and snapping up the shade. He peered out a moment, and then returned to his seat by the fire.

"It's a terrible night outside," he murmured. "The rain's stopped, but the wind's worse. It's a regular hurricane. Not a very pleasant night to spend in Swamp Hollow."

HE smiled grimly and dropped on his stool again, as though he were very tired. There was a clock ticking somewhere in the room, and we listened to it, counting the seconds. It had an uncanny sound that punctuated the silence between each blast of wind outside.

"I'll stop that clock!" Jerry muttered finally. "Where is it? It gets on my nerves. Uncle Abner always declared it wouldn't stop until he died. He wound it up faithfully every week. I don't believe it's stopped in fifty years."

"But if he's dead why doesn't it stop?" I asked fearfully.

He turned and glared at me as if I had suggested something unpleasant. Then seeing my pale, frightened face his own relaxed.

"Poor Nancy," he whispered. "You shouldn't have gotten into this thing. I wish you hadn't come."

"Tell me," I said steadily, "what you did after finding Uncle's body?"

"What I did!" he repeated. "Why I—I was so frightened that I forgot all about my errand. I was panic-stricken and ran. Yes, I literally ran out of the house into the swamp. I was so excited that I didn't notice which way I was going."

"The result was," he added, smiling, "that I got turned around. I was bewildered and lost in the swamp."

"And then you found me?"

"Yes, then I found you. I heard you sobbing, and for a moment I was too stupefied to speak. I wondered if I weren't dreaming. Your face seemed familiar, and yet it didn't. I must have acted queerly."

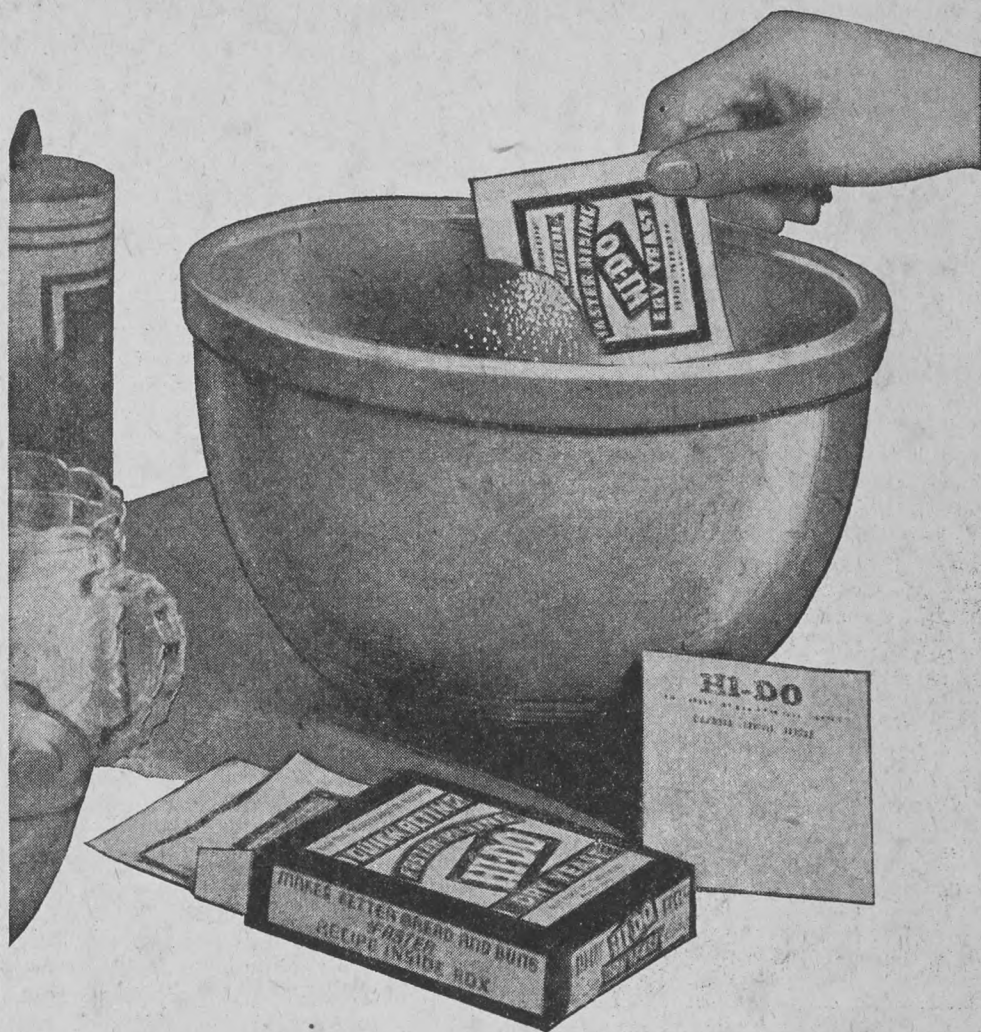
I smiled, recalling the meeting and its effect on me. Then suddenly my heart nearly ceased beating.

A groan came from the other room—clear and distinct, a repetition of the first one we had heard.

(To be continued)



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AS OTHERS SEE US

Continued from page 6

overseas, were those who painted it to their future wives in colors over bright. We heard of your wonderful domestic labor-saving devices, but had to find out for ourselves that they were only for the wealthier who had modern homes with electric service. We accepted good-naturedly the criticism of our old fashioned English school system, but did not realize what awaited our children when they grew up in isolated spots like this one. The boys told us that Canadian husbands did not expect their wives to wash the front stoop, as we did every morning, summer and winter. We didn't suspect that it was because the shack that awaited us had no stone entrance.

We, that is my mother and I, were even fooled by the action of military authorities who, we were told, investigated the case of every soldier before he was permitted to marry. To this day I do not know what sort of an investigation it was that took 60 days to complete and covered so little ground.

Undoubtedly many of us who came over on the Letitia walked into surroundings better than we expected. At the other end of the scale I know from the letters of my girl friend, who hopefully married the son of an Indian chief, that many will find adjustment even harder than I will.

I do not write this as a complaint. Those of us who took promises on trust, and left our homes so far behind, must bear the consequences ourselves. Given a little understanding, and the loyalty of our men, I think most of us can brave it out. I don't suppose you will publish this letter, but I have written it in the hope that if you do so it might help some of your good people to a fuller understanding of the personal problem facing the less fortunate among the war brides.—Lass from Guildford.

The Children! Skip It

I ARRIVED in Halifax at the end of October, 1944, after a rough passage. My first impression after we landed was the great kindness shown to everyone by the Red Cross. They couldn't do enough for us, and made us feel really welcome. It was the same on the train, the attendants really looked after us well. At all the stops and divisional points groups of ladies were there to welcome us with kind words, fruit, magazines and candy.

The scenery was lovely and everything seemed so vast after England, it was hard to believe at times we were travelling through miles of country with hardly any inhabitants.

One thing impressed me very much, and that is the high standard of living and the way private homes and buildings are heated. Sometimes I felt angry when I heard people grumbling in the stores because they could not get what they wanted. I thought, they do not realize how lucky they are to live in a country of such abundance.

I was out eight months before my husband came home, and I can truthfully say I didn't feel homesick, everyone was so kind.

I was surprised to find how bad the roads are in Canada. Of course, I realize how difficult it is to have first class roads as the distances are so great and the population small.

The teen-aged children are allowed much more freedom over here than in the British Isles.

I have been very much impressed by the large congregations at church and by the warm welcome extended to strangers. There also seems to be

greater interest shown in the social life of the church. The social and educational facilities of the church are doing a wonderful work in the training of the younger generation. This, in my opinion, is one of the most stable foundations for the future of a progressive Canada.

I haven't been in many cities, but those I have seen I like very much, the layout of the streets and avenues are very easy to understand. The smaller towns and villages are nicely laid out, but lack modern facilities for comfort.

I have travelled all over Europe and in my opinion there is no finer country than Canada, and I am proud to live here.—F.J.M.

Snowwhite Enters Magic Land

WHEN land loomed into sight through the mist and the rain at Halifax, my first thought was that this was to be my new home. During the past five months I have not been disappointed in the thrill I experienced whilst travelling across country to Winnipeg.

Coming to Canada, to me, meant not only coming to a new country but also to an entirely different way of living. I was born and grew up in a city so everything concerned with a farm was strange to me, but I have had no difficulty in settling into the community. I really did not think that anyone could be so friendly and kind towards a stranger as all the people have been to me. I was really overwhelmed. This is one of the points about Canadians which struck me as so different to what I had been accustomed. Again, the people here are so ambitious. It appears every young couple's aim is to own a home and to really make something of their lives and people stay young so much longer too. Full advantage is taken of recreation time and sport seems to play a big part in everyone's life.

What a lot of sunshine there is here! Such lovely days, I should imagine that is the reason for such a free and easy attitude every place one goes. I know it makes me feel really happy to see so much fair weather.

I have had the biggest thrill out of preserving. It has given me the grandest feeling to be putting foods away for the winter. I feel that I have really achieved something when I can look over my jars filled with brightly colored fruits and vegetables and it also gives me a sense of security such as I have never before experienced.

The kitchens in the Canadian homes have really impressed upon me the need there is for English women to improve upon their own kitchens. These are so bright and cheery it makes work a pleasure instead of a drudge. England would do very well to take a few tips from Canada on the planning of houses.

As I neared my journey's end, I realized the vastness of this country and the opportunities for happy home-making for the many British people who are so anxious to come to Canada.—E.G.

Ulysses Restless In Ithaca

MY first impressions of Canada were on the whole, very favorable. But it is my experience subsequently which has made me so unhappy, and of which I would like to write.

From my intimacy on board ship and on the train journey from Halifax with many British brides, bound as I was to a farm home on the prairie, I am certain that the overwhelming majority of them were determined to make a success of life in a new country. And I am also sure that if they had to contend with nothing more than their own disappointments and reverses, they still could do so. But a totally unforeseen consideration enters into our calculations and I know that my own experi-

ence, while perhaps more shaking than others, is not an isolated case.

My Canadian born husband, now 23 years old, always spoke of Canada with glowing enthusiasm while he was overseas. He could not get back soon enough to establish our future nest. He preceded me by eight months. But what a changed man I found upon my arrival!

Like so many others who had never travelled before he joined the army, the old scenes have lost their appeal for him. Three years in uniform have matured him. He has returned home with new standards which find no satisfaction in the limited circle of his youth. He is an intensive boy, and made up for the meagreness of his early schooling by unremitting study under the army educational officer. The range of conversation among his old neighbors now appalls him and he feels that he has returned to intellectual starvation. Social advantages in this new community are of the crudest sort. The Seven Thorns at Bramshott now looks like a haven of dignity and refinement after the facilities here.

Thank God his fondness for me, so far, has escaped, but I know that our happiness is under sentence unless I do something about it. While I am prepared to stay with him anywhere, forever, I feel sure that it will end by our return to the surroundings which he came to love as much as I do myself. So please, when we are listed among those permanently returning to the Old Country, do not number me among "the brides who could not take it."—Anne.

Bridges Burned Willingly

IT was January when I arrived in Halifax, and stood on deck in the cold, exhilarating air watching the lights of the town twinkle a friendly welcome. Yes, even in that first moment Canada seemed to beckon to us, and later, sitting in the train as it roared across the endless miles, we had our first glimpse of the vastness of our adopted land.

During the days that followed, I was greatly impressed by the unfailing kindness and sincere interest of Canadians in Britain and her people. Everyone seemed anxious to make sure that I would not feel a stranger. Many of my new friends had relatives in England and, apparently recognizing my accent, nearly every saleswoman who assisted in my joyous coupon-free shopping made enquiries about conditions in England.

I learned many things in the city—to call a "joint" a roast, not to call people "homely" when I meant home-loving, to enjoy a bath in a warm bathroom, and to dislike overshoes. I saw my first ball game and sat in my first smoke-free cinema. The store windows with their mounds of fresh fruit, cakes, pies, poultry, eggs and canned foods were a revelation after years of austere rationing, and I gained twenty pounds (or nearly two stone).

Winnipeg left in my mind an impression of wide streets, bright lights, and tall modern buildings, but it was in a small country town that I really began to love Canada. The people took me into their homes and hearts and made me one of them.

It seemed to me that life in that small community is simple and uncomplicated, the routine disturbed only by birth, marriage and death. The people, though they are of every race, and have come from all the countries of the earth, have learned to live together in peace and harmony; they regard their fellow-men with tolerance and understanding, offering sympathy and a helping hand when needed. Many a restless city dweller in any country has reason to envy them their contentment.

Canada is my home now, and I hope my children will grow up with the same brave pioneering spirit as the people who have built this nation.—S.P.I.

The Countrywoman

The Carpenter of Galilee

By HILDA M. SMITH

*The Carpenter of Galilee
Comes down the street again.
In every land, in every age,
He still is building men.*

*On Christmas Eve we hear him knock—
He goes from door to door;
"Are any workmen out of work?
The Carpenter needs more."*

EVERY year seems to bring its own particular mood which largely sets the pattern for the celebration of Christmas holiday. We have only to look back upon the past years to realize how true this is. It is partly determined by events taking place in the world about us, also by materials and services available, but most of all by the particular circumstances of the family we belong to.

It is delightful to read of old-time celebrations and this is an exercise we should indulge in at this season. Perhaps we marvel at the spirit of jollity which seemed to prevail and at the immense preparations required. We may well ask, what is lacking in modern days that we can not arouse ourselves to something equalling that; why can we not capture some of the spontaneous gaiety. Perhaps it is that only the best and the most picturesque of the celebrations have been preserved by writers. There was much that was simple and homey that went unnoticed. There is a great need at times for stirring ceremonies and festive occasions, to lift life above the ordinary routine. Perhaps we should more closely examine the requirements and so come to a better appreciation of our own circumstances and limitations.

In reading of Christmas observance in the old lands in old days, we note the vast preparations, the abundant array of foods. In the homes described there were probably a number of servants. If there were not a number of paid helpers, the chances are that there were quite a few womenfolk about: mother, grandmother, aunts, daughters or other relatives to help out with the work. It is no wonder that the cooking and baking achievements amaze us today, when there are not many helpers in the kitchen.

Ten years ago we were just emerging from a major depression. Goods and services were plentiful but many people were sobered by the experiences they had been through in this country. There seemed to be lacking the spirit necessary for joyful celebrations, except as we found it in religious services. Then came the war! How each of those years now stand out in memory! There were many broken family circles. There was always the question of to what further test our powers of endurance might be put. Then came 1945 and we marked the first peacetime Christmas in six years but with little joy in our hearts for there was so little in the world about us over which we could truly rejoice, except that the terror and the violence were gone.

And now we approach Christmas 1946! Each family and home will mark that event in its own way. In these days of crowded living, because of the shortage of housing, too many people have not the space for lavish hospitality. Men and women are working hard and there is little leisure for holidays and festivities. Many goods are still scarce and there is still urgent need for us to share what we have with those who have much less than we have.

The mood and the pattern of Christmas celebration for 1946 soon will be discernible. In many homes across the land there will be precious family reunions. There will be need for forbearance because of crowded living. Simple pleasures shared will take on new values. Our expression of goodwill will be more

December brings the stir of Christmas preparations and sets the holiday mood

By AMY J. ROE

of the spirit than of gifts of material things. Let us not forget to make Christmas this year something to be treasured in the memory of both old and young.

A Rural Woman's Viewpoint

IN talking about preparations for Christmas with a group of friends a farm woman remarked: "I am so tired thinking about all the things which should be done to get ready for Christmas, that I think the best way we could spend the day is to go to a hotel for our family dinner. That is the best kind of Christmas treat anyone could give me." Then she went on to explain her viewpoint to us:

"The last few falls have been wet and that has usually meant that threshing has dragged on late on the farm and that seems to make everything else late. We were late in getting in the garden stuff, housing the pullets, fattening and plucking the cockerels, housecleaning and getting the storm windows on. Some of these jobs have run dangerously close to Christmas. That makes the housewife too rushed and too tired to enjoy preparations for the holiday.

"There is usually some sewing to do, if daughter is to have a new dress to wear to the Christmas concert. And maybe mother needs a new one too. Ready-made clothing is expensive these days and often poorly made at that. So if mother is handy with the needle, she is tempted to sew instead of buying ready mades. This means extra work at a rush period.

"Then there is the matter of presents. To remember one's friends as one would like to requires either spending quite a bit of money to buy presents, if one

last few years—maybe it only seems to do so as we get older. I can not get ready for it as I would like to. I can not seem to work any faster or else I crack up nervously. The regular chores are about all I can stand. Electricity in would help. Maybe we will have that next year. A convenient house would be a great help—and there is such a great need for more convenient farm houses. In the meantime I shall go along as steadily as I can, cut out all unnecessary work as far as I can, get the little jobs done earlier than I did last year so that they will be out of the way. Perhaps this will help me to get ready in time for Christmas.

"When we stop to think of the spiritual significance of Christmas there seems to be altogether too much 'pothor' about the material celebration of the holiday. Whose birthday are we celebrating? We have become almost pagan in our celebration!"

Success

SUCCESS is the joy that rises like a flame within you when you waken at dawn to see the mountains lighted by the taper of the sun.

It is the peace which comes to lie so quietly beside you when the last fire of day flickers out on the last tall peak of snow.

Success is the smile that is always on the lips and the calm that is always in the eyes.

It is stroking the strings of sight and taste and smell and touch and hearing with such wisdom and such faith that they give up to you their ultimate sweet note of song.

It is in knowing that the past is only the introductory measure to the great fugue of life; that the future is that full, final chord which follows so inevitably from the strong and vital NOW.

Success is to stand alone and not to be embittered; to mingle with the crowd and yet follow your own path through it; to taste loss and gain, sorrow and joy, extracting its full flavor from each but letting not one of them sicken or exhilarate you beyond your highest need.

For each man there is one Way—and one Way only. Success is the wisdom to see that way and the strength to follow it to the very end.

You cannot buy success with money or charm or promises, but only with your last ounce of flesh, your last minim of blood, the last breath of your lungs, the last beat of your heart.

For in success there is friendship and love and the utmost fulfillment of mind and heart and body—and the full price can only be paid by the pure-hearted and the courageous.

But when you have paid it you will find stars upon your fingers and all the riches of the Great Merchant spread out like rainbows of beauty and delight beneath your feet.

Even though in the eyes of the world you are a beggar upon a street corner, with a broken body and blind eyes.—GILEAN DOUGLAS.

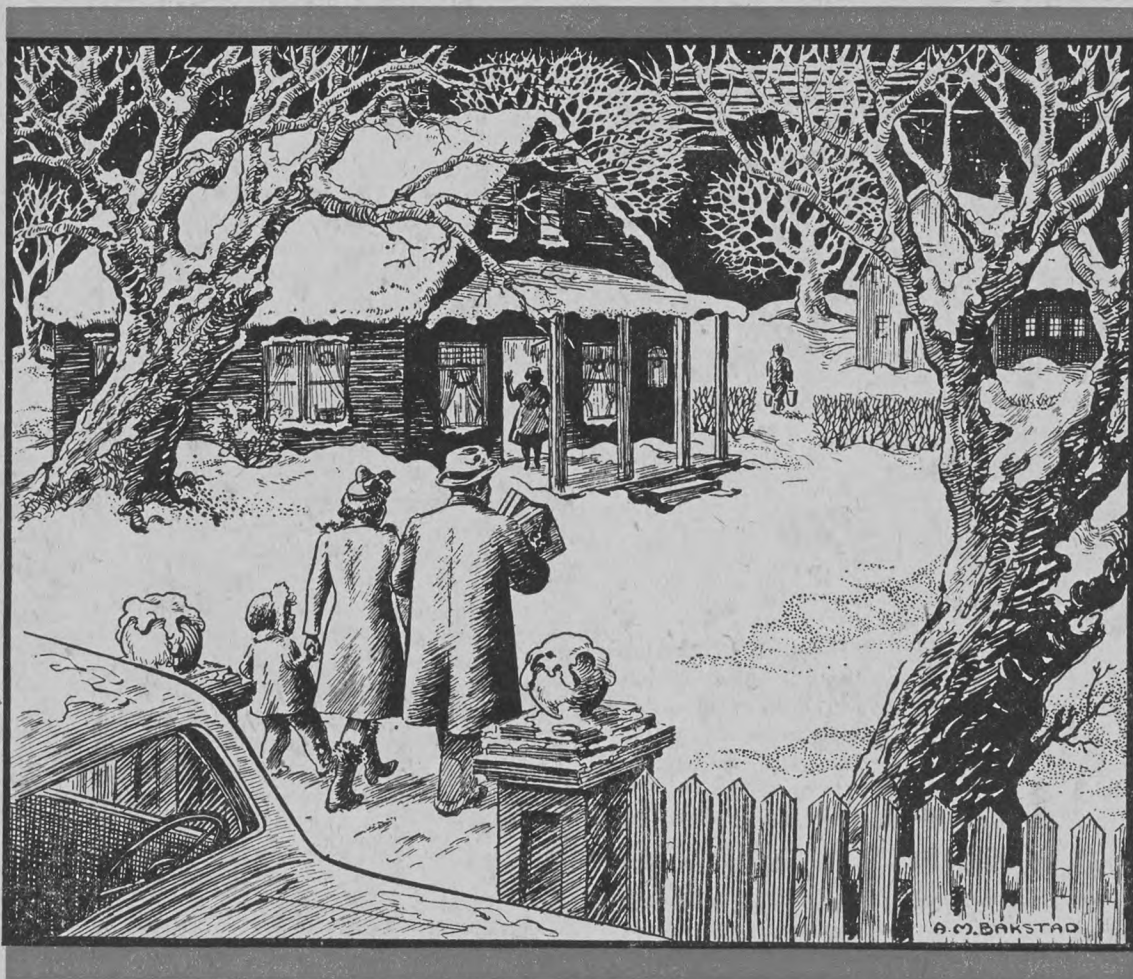
Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful . . . welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

After Snowfall

GILEAN DOUGLAS

*Be silent now; perhaps we shall never know
Again this moment of white, arrested peace
Held for a breath on branch and blade and stone,
Poised for a thought of muted, cool surcease.*

*The wind will stir, the branch spring upward sending
Its drifted spray to lustre the tempered air;
The foot will cancel the void, the hand go seeking
And what has been will not be anywhere.*



can find them in the stores, or a lot of time to make them. Now that merchandise is short, quite expensive and not of good quality we should refrain from buying as much as we can. Making presents is a strain on the eyesight and too great a drain on one's strength. Why then all this 'straining' over Christmas presents?

"The giving and receiving of gifts does make for happiness. I would like to give something to those nearest and dearest to me. Maybe I can spare a few sealers of fruit or a chicken or two for some friends. I shall try to get letters written to as many friends as I can but that too means sitting up long hours at night, after the house is quiet.

"Christmas seems to come too soon for me these

Christmas Customs and Carols

SINGING and Christmas go hand in hand. This, greatest of all anniversaries celebrated since the fourth century as the birthday of Christ, always has been ushered in with sacred and secular carols. The first great carol was sung to shepherds on the hills of Bethlehem and has come sounding down through the ages to our own time:

*"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth peace, goodwill to men."*

In the very early centuries the bishops of the church in Europe used to sing carols to their clergy, and gradually the custom spread among the people, until carols winged their way to God outside as well as inside the church, on this traditional birthday of Christ.

Because the carol was based on dance music, however, it was not allowed to make its appearance in England until after the Puritan era, which was a dark period in Britain. The Puritans not only denounced Christmas carols but Christmas itself as pernicious and unscriptural.

In a more tolerant century, the Waits helped to popularize carol singing in England. Originally the Waits were the minstrels attached to the King's court, but in the 16th century they developed into paid bands of musicians who played and sang at all public functions. On Christmas Eve they performed at the homes of all notables and gave to the guests the carols of their time.

Here in part are two old carols of the 15th and 16th centuries:

*"Unto us a son is born.
King of all creation,
Came He to a world forlorn,
The Lord of every nation."*

*"Cradled in a stall was He
With sleepy cows and asses;
But the very beasts could see
That He all men surpasses."*

And this old Welsh carol by Siankin Morgan:

*"O! Christians! Hail the dawn,
Your joyous tributes pay;
It's glory shines from shore to shore,
For Christ was born this day."*

As the years drifted along in England, Christmas became a time of merry-making as well as a religious day and carols of a jolly secular type were composed, such as this one, attributed to Henry VIII, who was a fine musician.

*"Green grow'th the holly,
So does the ivy:
Though winter blasts blow n'er so
high,
Green grow'th the holly."*

*"Green grow'th the holly,
So does the ivy:
The God of life can never die,
Hope! saith the ivy."*

This one is by George Withers:

*"So now is come the joyful's feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth
repine,
Round your forehead garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry."*

*"Now all our neighbors' chimneys
smoke
And Christmas logs are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats
choke,
And all their spits are turning,
Without the door let sorrow lie;*

Reviewing old carols and customs which have marked Christmas celebrations through the ages

By NELL MACVICAR



In Britain from early days village carollers travelled about from house to house in the parish singing and playing Christmas carols.

*And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry."*

The Christmas pie, so often mentioned in old poetry and prose was what we know as mince pie. They were so popular that a guard had to be placed over them on Christmas Eve, as the 16th century poet, Robert Herrick, tells us:

*"Come guard this night the Christmas
pie,
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,
With his flesh-hooks don't come
nigh
To catch it."*

The very early centuries, although they appear to us rough and coarse, were certainly marked by generous hospitality, never more apparent than at the Christmas season. Dinner was then as it still is, the great meal of the day, but alack! I'm afraid we couldn't eat all the dishes served to our forefathers. How could they eat and drink so much! No wonder they died young.

First and foremost at dinner came the boar's head, placed, gaily decorated, on a flat board and carried on a large gold or silver platter by the "seward" or steward as we would call him. As he slowly advanced into the hall, the guests sang:

*"The boar's head in hand I bring
With garlands gay and rosemary:
I pray you all sing merrily."*

According to legend stemming from Queen's College, Oxford, the serving of the boar's head commemorated a courageous act on the part of one of its students. While he was walking in Shotover forest studying his Aristotle, the student was startled to see a wild boar rushing at him open-mouthed.

With great presence of mind he thrust the volume of the philosopher's ethics well down the throat of the boar, with the exclamation "Graecum est!" and having choked the savage beast with the sage, went his way rejoicing.

Meats predominated at the dinners followed by rich desserts and always plenty to drink. Here is a menu served in Sussex, England, in 1707: Plum pottage, calve's head and bacon, goose, pig, roast beef sirloin, veal sirloin, boiled beef, two baked puddings, three dishes of mince pies, two capons, two dishes of tarts, two pullets.

Here is the recipe for plum pottage, if anyone likes to try it: "Take beef soup made of legs of beef, twelve quarts; if you wish it particularly good, add a couple of tongues to be boiled therewith. Put fine bread, sliced and soaked and crumbled, raison of the sun, currants and prunants; two pounds each; lemons, nutmeg, mace and cloves to be boiled with it in a muslin bag; add a quart of red wine and let this be followed after half an hour's boiling by a pint of sack. Put it in a cool place and it will keep through Christmas." I should rather think it would.

Peacock was often an important part of the menu and its preparation was fearful and wonderful. One wonders how in the world it was carved with all its trimmings. First it was skinned carefully, the skin being stripped off with the feathers adhering. Then roasted, and while partially cool, it was sewn up again in all its skin and feathers, the beak was gilded and the whole body covered with leaf gold, and a piece of cotton soaked in spirits was placed in the beak. This was lit when the bird was being carved. The bird was stuffed with spices and sweet herbs, basted with the yolk of egg and served with a rich gravy.

And here is a quaint description of an old time punch: "Dissolve quarter of a pound of sugar in a pint of boiling water, pour into a china bowl which may be decorated with some formal or pleasing pattern as fancy may dictate or piety direct. Add the juice of two lemons with the rinds, half a pint of ginger brandy, one bottle of Jamaica rum, a few sticks of cinnamon, a handful of cloves and six orange slices. Allow to simmer and serve hot in punch glasses. A silver ladle is customary."

The custom of decorating homes, churches and shops comes down to us from centuries before the revelation of Christianity, when the Romans ornamented their temples and dwellings with green boughs.

On Christmas Eve our ancestors went to light candles of uncommon size, and to lay a yule log on the fire to illumine the house. In England, candles were set on a high table at supper during the twelve nights of the festival. Candles must never be snuffed and a piece of a candle was kept for good luck. In Ireland on Twelfth-Eve (January 5) they used to set up as high as they could a sieve of oats, with a dozen candles set round, and in the centre one larger, all lighted. This was done in memory of Our Saviour and the Apostles, lights of the world. Catholics of the Greek Church celebrated Christmas as "the Feast of Lights."

According to old ecclesiastic custom, churches and homes should remain decorated until the end of January, but must positively be cleared away by February 2, or Candlemas Day. Robert Herrick has a song about this old superstition:

*"Down with the rosemary, and so
Down with the bays and mistletoe:
Down with the holly, ivy, all
Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas
hall;*

*"That so the superstitious find
No one least branch there left
behind:
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids trust to me,
So many goblins ye shall see."*

And this verse for Candlemas Day:

*'Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn:
When quenched, then lay it up again
Till Christmas next return.
Part must be kept wherewith to tend
The Christmas log next year,
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischaef there.
End now the white loaf and pie,
And let all sports with Christmas die."*

One of the fine old customs that is kept up still, has come down to us from the Russians; the sending of Christmas cards and greetings. One of the loveliest greetings was written long ago by H. C. Shuttleworth:

*"If in thy dreams some vision haunt
thy way,
If in thy heart some hidden hope
abide,
Too deep, too dear, to live in common
day—
God give thee joy of it this happy
tide.
"If in thy prayer some keener sense
awaking,
Show thee glad angels on life's dark
hillside,
Tell thee the Christ is born, the
bright day is breaking—
God give thee grace of it this holy
tide."*

One of the pretty old customs at Christmas time is the Norwegian practice of giving a dinner to the birds on Christmas Day.

4 OUT OF 5 PRIZE WINNERS USE Robin Hood Flour



*Actual
Record of
Home-Baking
Contests.*

Of 10,617 First Prizes awarded
... 8,850 were won by women
using Robin Hood Flour. Of 10,617
Second Prizes awarded ... 8,198 were
won by women using Robin Hood Flour.

*Records of proof are available
for inspection.

See that delicious Fruit Cake pictured above? Made with Robin Hood Flour it's a winning recipe ... and easy to make *right!* Robin Hood is the successful flour for all your baking ... bread, cakes, pastry!

"ROBIN HOOD NEVER FAILS"

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Mrs. Norman Cole of MacDonald Street, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, mother of six and wife of a retail merchant, is an enthusiastic user of Robin Hood Flour, has been for 35 years. "I don't take chances on failure" says Mrs. Cole "not when I'm baking for six children, sometimes as many as five boarders, and for sale in my husband's store!"



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"When pressed for time in baking and you still want *best* results" sums up Mrs. Cole "*always* use Robin Hood—it never fails."

Try this winning Recipe for Robin Hood Economy Fruit Cake

- | | |
|---|----------------------------------|
| ¾ cup shortening | ½ teasp. baking soda |
| 2 tbsp. butter | ¾ teasp. salt |
| 4½ cups raisins | 1½ teasp. vanilla |
| ½ cup currants | 1½ teasp. lemon extract |
| 1 cup mixed peel | ¾ teasp. almond extract |
| ¾ cup citron peel | ¾ cup brown sugar, firmly packed |
| ¾ cup glace or well-drained maraschino cherries | 2 tbsp. granulated sugar |
| ½ cup almonds | 3 eggs |
| 3 cups sifted ROBIN HOOD FLOUR | ½ cup plus 2 tbsp. grape juice |
| 1½ teasp. baking powder | ⅓ cup molasses |

- 1 — Measure shortening and butter into mixing bowl.
- 2 — Wash and dry raisins and currants; if peel is not already chopped, cut into small pieces; slice cherries; blanch and slice almonds lengthwise. Combine fruit and nuts.
- 3 — Grease and line cake tins (2 medium-size standard Christmas cake tins) with 4 layers of heavy waxed paper or 3 layers of brown paper. Grease again.
- 4 — Pre-heat oven to 275 degrees F.
- 5 — Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and salt onto piece of waxed paper.
- 6 — Cream shortening and butter until fluffy, add flavorings and gradually add sugars, mixing until creamy. Add dry ingredients slowly, mixing until well blended. Add fruit and almonds and mix well.
- 7 — Beat eggs, add grape juice and molasses. Mix together well.
- 8 — Then add to flour and fruit mixture. Mix until blended. Turn into prepared cake tins, filling two-thirds full and spreading batter evenly.
- 9 — Bake at 275 degrees F. for 3 hours. Remove from oven and allow to stand in tin for 5 minutes, then turn out on wire cake rack to cool.

NOTE:—This is a good standard Christmas cake. Allow it to "ripen" for at least 3 weeks before using.

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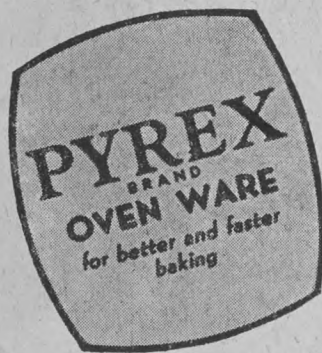
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Christmas Foods

Holiday menus call for good variety and festive touches

By MARION R. McKEE

COOKING for Christmas is something special. Extra trouble and more time is taken with these festive foods, so that everything will be as nearly perfect as possible for the holiday. Weeks ahead the kitchen is a scene of busy activity, tempting cooking foods, and delicious aromas.

Yuletide cookery, however, has to be done with a careful eye kept on the sugar and butter rations, so these scarce items may be stretched out as much as possible. This is not the easiest task, since Christmas foods owe their popularity and appeal to the richness and sweetness they contain.

Most families, this year, will have the traditional roast turkey, chicken or goose, accompanied by the famous plum pudding for dessert. Along with these well known foods, some new and different recipes are needed for variety. Here is an assortment of recipes, each chosen for its economy of the scarcer ingredients, as well as its ability to give the Christmas festivities a truly holiday touch.

Steamed Fruit Pudding

1 c. finely chopped beef suet	½ c. chopped seeded raisins
1 c. molasses	3 c. flour
1 c. sour milk	1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt	¼ tsp. cinnamon
½ nutmeg, grated	1 egg
½ c. currants	

Sift the flour, salt and soda together, beat the egg, and mix all the ingredients well. Then turn the pudding into a buttered mold and steam from three to four hours.

Plum Pudding Cookies

4 T. shortening	¼ tsp. soda
¼ c. brown sugar	½ tsp. salt
1 egg	¼ tsp. ginger
¼ c. molasses	¼ tsp. cinnamon
1¼ c. sifted flour	1 c. chopped cooked prunes
1 tsp. baking powder	

Cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg. Mix well and add molasses. Sift then measure flour, baking powder, soda, salt, ginger, and cinnamon. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture. Add prunes. Drop by teaspoons on ungreased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees Fahr.) for 10 minutes.

Oatmeal Stuffing for Turkey

5 c. Quick Oats (uncooked)	1 T. poultry seasoning
3 c. bread crumbs	½ c. water
½ c. bacon dripping	¼ tsp. pepper
½ lb. bacon cooked and cut crisp	1 T. salt
	1 onion, chopped

Cook bacon till stiff. Brown onion. Add remainder of the ingredients. Mix well. Will stuff a 12-pound turkey.

Current Cakes

Plain pastry	2 tsp. granulated sugar
1¼ c. currants	2 T. butter
Top milk	

Make plain pastry, using two cups sifted cake or pastry flour as a basis. Roll one-half of the pastry ⅛-inch thick and use to line a shallow baking dish about 10½x6½x1½ inches. Arrange the currants over the pastry; sprinkle with the sugar and dot with the butter. Moisten the edges of the crust with the water and arrange the remaining pastry, rolled ⅛-inch thick as a top crust, pressing the edges to-

gether with a fork. Make three slits ½-inch long in the centre of the upper crust; brush with a little top milk. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees Fahr.) for 40 minutes. Cut into 1½-inch squares. Makes 24 cakes.

Bread Sauce

1½ c. milk	of a fresh loaf)
Small peeled onion	Salt
2 cloves	Pepper
Soft fine bread crumbs (taken from centre)	1 tsp. butter

Put the milk into a double boiler and drop into it the onion in which the cloves have been stuck. Bring to the boil, then add sufficient bread crumbs to make a very thick sauce. Lift out the onion, season to taste with the salt and pepper, and add butter. If the sauce should need thinning add a little cream.

Individual Mincemeat-Cranberry Pies

2 c. canned mincemeat	sweetened cranberries
1½ c. cooked and	Pie crust

Add cranberries to mincemeat and pour into individual pie tins lined with pastry. Place strips of pastry over the top to form latticework. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees Fahr.).

Cranberry Salad

2 c. cranberries	¾ c. diced celery
1 c. sugar	¼ c. chopped nuts
1 T. gelatin	

Cook cranberries in one cup water 20 minutes. Stir in sugar and cook five minutes. Remove from fire and add gelatin which has been soaked 10 minutes in half cup cold water. When the mixture begins to thicken, add diced celery and chopped nuts. Turn into a mold to harden. When firm, cut into squares, place a whole nut on top of each square, and serve on a lettuce leaf with mayonnaise.

Giblet Gravy

8 T. fat from roasting pan	1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
4 T. flour	2 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
4 c. water in which giblets boiled	Salt and pepper to taste
Chopped cooked giblets	

Brown the flour in the fat, and add the water slowly, stirring constantly. Cook until the mixture begins to thicken, and add the salt and pepper, Worcestershire sauce, chopped egg, and giblets. Cook for a few minutes longer and serve.

Jellied Creamed Chicken

1-4 to 5 lb. stewing chicken	¼ c. cold water
Water to cover	1½ c. thin cream
2 carrots	Salt and pepper
2 stalks celery	2 T. lemon juice
2 onions	1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1½ c. hot, strained chicken broth	¼ c. chopped pimiento
2 T. gelatin	

Disjoint chicken, cover with water, add vegetables and simmer for two or three hours or until meat begins to drop from bones. Allow to cool in broth, skim off fat, then strain to remove vegetables and excess fat. Skin chicken if desired, pull meat from bones—do not chop it. Reheat 1½ cups carefully strained chicken broth, then dissolve gelatin, softened in cold water, in it. Cool slightly, add remaining ingredients. Pour into a greased mold and chill. This will make eight to ten servings.

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Yuletide Sweets

New ways to provide holiday treats

CANDY and sweets are as much a part of the Christmas season as the famed turkey and plum pudding, so let this Christmas have a plentiful supply. Under the present sugar rationing, and the difficulty of obtaining some ingredients, candy is on the hard-to-get list, but with very little effort and delicious results, fruits and nuts come to the aid of the homemaker with the sweet-loving family. These confections require a minimum of that precious sugar, and a maximum of good fruit flavor, making everyone from Junior to Grandpa vote them a favorite.

Stuffed Dates

2 lbs. dates Granulated sugar
¼ lb. pecan meats

Wash and dry the dates. Remove the seeds. Put aside about two-thirds of the dates for stuffing (select the largest and the best). Put the remainder through the food chopper and fill the dates reserved for stuffing with ground fruit. Embed half of a pecan in the top of each date and roll in granulated sugar.

Candied Cranberries

½ c. sugar 1 c. cranberries
½ c. water

Select firm, red cranberries, wash, dry and prick two or three times with a needle. Boil sugar and water until it spins a thread, put in cranberries, and cook gently until syrup will jelly when tested from tip of spoon. Remove berries, one at a time, to waxed paper, and let stand in the air until well dried. Roll in granulated sugar and use like candied cherries.

Fruit Paste

1 lb. dates ¼ lb. candied cherries or cranberries
1 lb. dried figs Confectioners' sugar
1 lb. walnut meats

Wash and dry the dates and figs. Seed the dates and pick over the figs. Mix the fruit with the nut meats, and put all through the food chopper, using the coarse cutter. Then knead the mixture well to blend the fruit and nuts. Sprinkle a molding-board with confectioners' sugar and roll the mixture out in a sheet one-fourth inch thick. Cut in squares, or shape with small round or fancy shaped cutters. Sprinkle each piece with confectioners' sugar. Shake to remove any surplus sugar.

Peanut Brittle

1 c. white corn syrup 1 c. freshly roasted peanuts
1 T. vinegar
1 tsp. vanilla ¼ tsp. salt

Cook the corn syrup, vinegar and salt in a saucepan until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Put the peanuts and syrup into an iron skillet and stir until the syrup is a golden brown. Remove from fire, stir in vanilla. Have ready a shallow buttered pan into which the candy is poured and spread in a thin sheet. Cool, remove from pan and crack into pieces.

Popcorn and Peanut Balls

2 c. popped corn ½ square chocolate (unsweetened)
½ c. corn syrup
1 c. peanuts

Cook the corn syrup and chocolate to hard ball stage. Pour over the peanuts and popcorn and shape into small balls.

Bitter Sweets

Melt bitter sweet chocolate, made from half bitter chocolate and half sweet chocolate. Beat well. Into this dip nuts or sweet fruits and place on oiled paper to dry.

Spiced Sugar Nuts

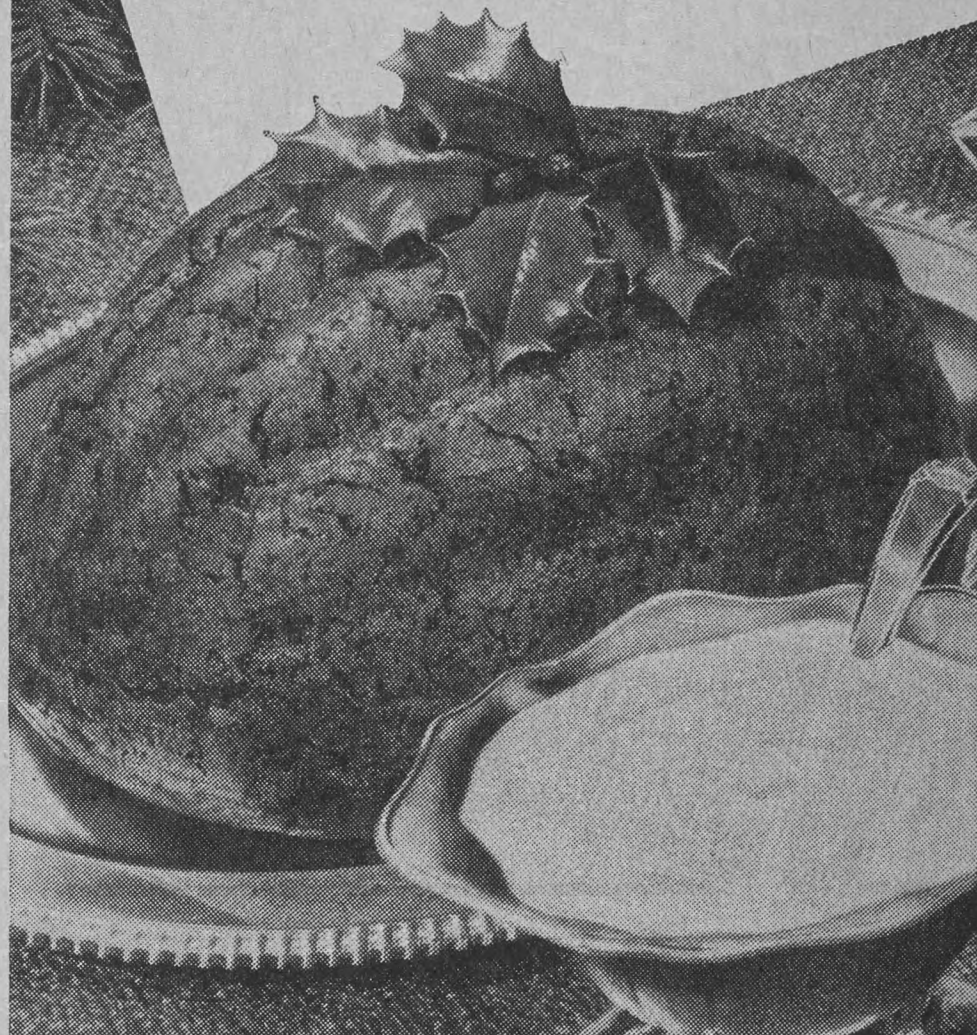
½ c. sugar 1 c. nut halves, walnuts, pecans, Brazil nuts
½ c. maple syrup
½ tsp. cinnamon

Place sugar and maple syrup in a saucepan and cook together to soft ball stage. Remove from heat, add cinnamon, cool, and beat until syrup begins to thicken. Drop in nuts one at a time, coat with syrup, and remove with a fork. Place on waxed paper. If syrup becomes too thick, thin with a little hot water.

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CHRISTMAS PUDDING

2½ cups sifted flour
¼ tsp. Magic Baking Soda
3 tsps. Magic Baking Powder
½ tsp. Salt
½ tsp. nutmeg
½ tsp. cinnamon

Sift flour together with soda, baking powder and spices. Mix together suet, molasses and milk. Combine with dry ingredients. Add fruit. Mix together well and pour into 2-qt. grease-covered pudding mold. Steam on top of range 3 hours. Serve with

Fluffy Custard Sauce: Scald 1 cup milk.


¾ cup finely chopped suet or shortening
1 cup molasses
1¼ cup seedless raisins, floured
1 cup milk
¾ cup citron or mixed peel

Separate 2 eggs, beat yolks with fork, add 2 tbs. sugar and few grains salt. Gradually add scalded milk. Place in double boiler over hot water. Cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens about 8 min.; cool. Beat egg whites until stiff; fold into cooled custard with 1 tsp. vanilla.

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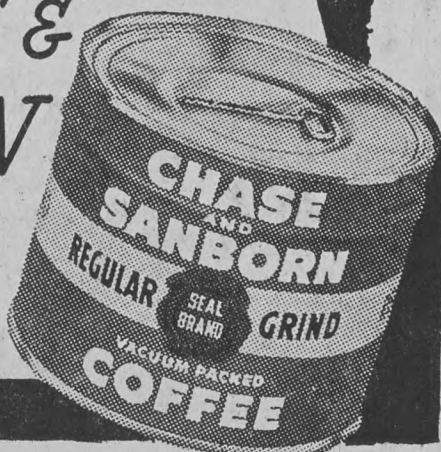
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ARE your Christmas wrappings just like everyone else's, or do they express a bit of your own personality as well as suit the person who is receiving the gift? Wrapping parcels with individuality and charm is not only easy and interesting to do, but will cause the lucky receiver to be doubly pleased with the gift, and flattered to think you took such pains with the parcel. Give yourself plenty of time, and start your Christmas wrapping early this year.

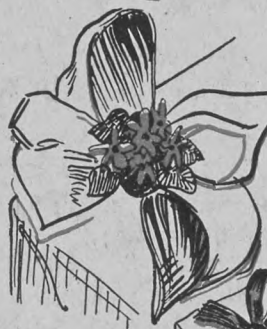
Surround a Christmas cake gift with crepe paper trees and top with a sprig of holly.



Gather bright paper around that bulky parcel, and tie with a bright bow.

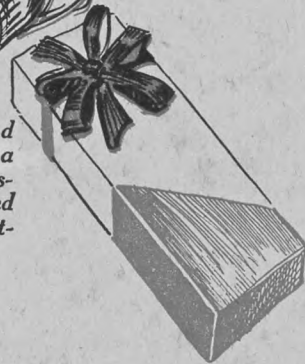


To a man's book wrapped in rich brown paper, add pine cones and branches to express his outdoor personality.



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As soon as materials are available your Aladdin dealer can furnish a simple little converter that will change your Aladdin over into a modern electric lamp in just a jiffy. Don't wait for the electric high-line; get pure bright white light now, with an Aladdin.

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Toronto, Ont.

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In England Now

Life is gradually changing for many and we look hopefully to the future

By JOAN M. FAWCETT

Tuesday, October 15, 1946. We are nearly at the end of the year for the farmer and the market gardener. October is really the beginning again; during this month one does all the planning for next summer: plants are moved, new ones put in, old trees taken down and new paths made. For us here it is our first chance to make this garden into the kind of efficient place we want it to be. It was a pretty but untidy old place when we took it last May. Now it is beginning to take shape as a place to grow first class crops in. Ever since the fruit—plums and pears—was ripe and gathered in the "Husband" and the man have been cutting down old, wornout trees and clearing space for new ones.

We sold the fruit at the door. We are on the side of a main road and town's people are so keen to get fruit, either for bottling or eating, that they will come out into the country time after time for a pound or two of pears or plums. The prices are controlled during the summer: pears are one shilling and a penny a pound, cooking apples sixpence to ninepence. It was quite a little windfall to us for we had no idea what we should find on all these strange old trees.

Our next crop was chrysanthemums—but our flowers were not so profitable. We could not sell these direct to the customer as naturally they will not use their rationed petrol to come into the country to buy flowers, so we sold to a merchant and the prices were very poor, once as little as threepence a dozen. He explained it in this way: during the war everybody has been encouraged to grow extra fruit and vegetables and put them onto the market and so they have got into the habit of selling their surplus stuff and now that they have come to flower growing again they apply the same treatment and so there is a glut of flowers during certain periods. The only profitable line for us, other than fruit, is crops out of season. We are growing lettuces now for next February and March and are hoping for a good return. Our big handicap is that we cannot get a greenhouse; it is just one of those things that cannot be made yet

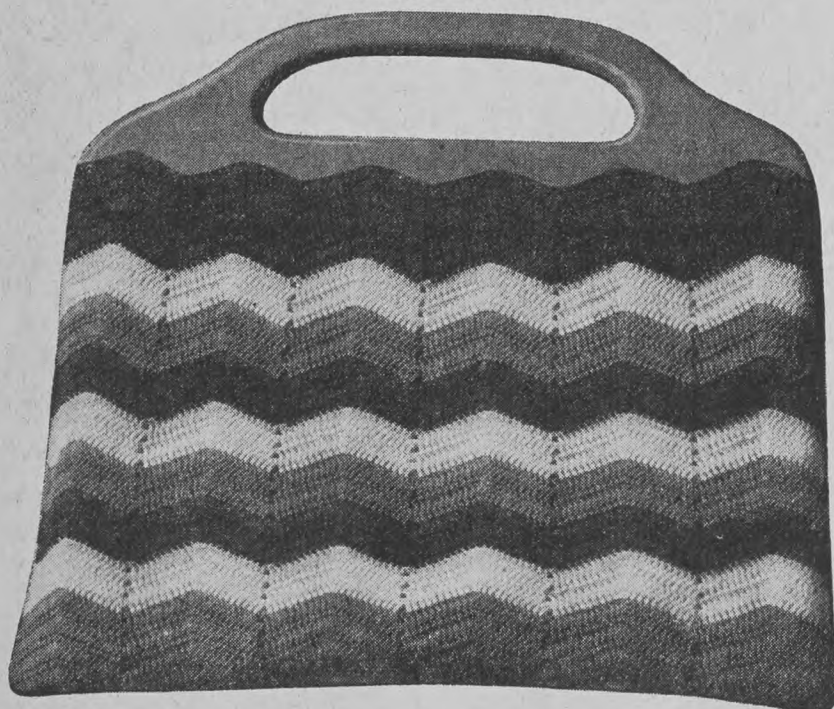
because there is not the material and if there was, the price would be too high.

In one respect we have been very lucky, we have got a really good, keen man to work for us. He is an ex-miner from Durham but like all miners here, he has gardened all his life and knows how to grow things. He is also a great "character." He has a theory for solving the coal shortage which sounds sense: stop the miner's allowance of a ton of coal a month and put them onto the ordinary civilian ration of seven hundred-weight for three months. A ton a month certainly sounds excessive in a small cottage in these days. I met an old lady from Ireland the other day and there the coal situation is even worse than it is here. She came from Dublin where they get no coal ration at all as all the available stocks of coal go into industry and the civilian manages on peat at 60 shillings a ton and wood at 63 shillings. You get used to it, she said, philosophically but it is not easy, especially as the gas is cut off except for three short periods each day when you have to get your cooking done. But to balance this shortage they have unrationed meat and cakes and sweets which sounds lovely to me whose mouth waters every time I have to walk past a sweet shop. One of the things that many of us plan to do when the good days of plenty come back, is to buy a large box of chocolates and eat until we really don't want another.

But we are getting gayer, there is no doubt about that. Evening dress is worn again in the restaurants in London and cocktail parties are getting more numerous, I have been to two lately. Also last month I went to a race meeting, my first since before the war. It was at Doncaster to see the St. Ledger run. During the war this course had a prisoner of war camp in the centre and the Veterinary Corps occupied the stands and stables. It was exciting to see it all gay and bright again; white paint on the railings, the grass in the enclosure closely mown, red geraniums in the beds. The crowds were terrific! The craze for racing has increased enorm-

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By ANNE DeBELLE



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Tonight...if you could peek into homes across the country...you'd find that whenever children catch cold most young mothers now use this fine, external medication that relieves distress of colds during the night *while your little one sleeps!*

It's so delightfully easy...and so gentle! And there's nothing to swallow...nothing to upset a child's delicate stomach. Here's all you do to give your child this grand relief from discomforts of colds.



At Bedtime rub your child's throat, chest and back with warming, comforting Vicks VapoRub. Its relief-bringing action starts *promptly*... goes right to work to relieve discomforts even as you rub it on.



While child sleeps VapoRub keeps on working for hours to bring relief. It *penetrates* deep into bronchial tubes with special medicinal vapors. It *stimulates* chest and back surfaces like a warming poultice.

It's so very effective... often by morning most misery of the cold is relieved. Remember—when a cold strikes in your family, do as so many millions of young mothers do... get time-tested Vicks VapoRub.

**Best Known Home Remedy You Can Use
To Relieve Miseries of Colds**

**VICKS
VAPORUB**

ously during the war when there was very little going on and it was difficult to get to, and now everyone is making up for lost time. Cars crept along two deep for the last nine miles of road leading to the course, and there were queues at the turnstiles. I was very interested of course in the clothes. We are still tightly rationed in this respect and it is interesting to see what people make of their coupons.

The results I found were very varied; some women were in tweed costumes that had obviously been their standby for some time, others, younger women mostly, looked as if clothing coupons did not exist for them. But all the women looked better about the feet and legs than they have been doing; I saw no cotton stockings and no wooden soled shoes.

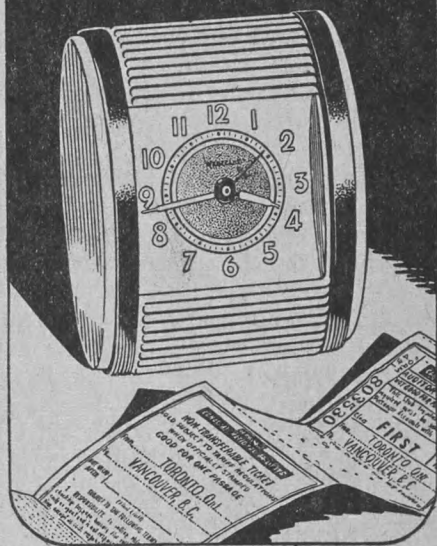
There were still a few uniforms among the men but far the greater number were back into lounge suits and bowler hats. And seeing them like that, in this familiar unchanged scene it was difficult to remember that seven years had gone by since we had been all gathered here before and that many of them had seen terrible and strange sights. One man, I knew, had been "lost" in the hands of the Japanese for three years. I watched him as he held his field-glasses to his eyes and talked excitedly of the race, and wondered.

Today I am going around seven villages with the "Husband," who is standing for election to the County Council. Our rival for the seat is the milk manager at the local co-operative store so he will know the farmers and will be able to put up a strong case. The "Husband" has been going around the villages in the evenings, when the day's gardening is done and so far has had a good reception so we hope for a win. It is interesting to hear the farmers' views. They are all very much against any further local money being spent on education; they say that all the young people are being educated to such a pitch that they have no liking for country life and will not follow their fathers on the farms.

You see, in a small country like England it is so easy for the young people to work by the day in the towns and come home to their villages or farms in the evening; they have not got to take the plunge of living alone in a town, if they had there is no doubt many of them would think twice because they are not a very adventurous lot. In nine families out of ten the parents spoil the children and encourage them not to stick at a job if they don't like it but to come home and look about for something else. I suppose this state of things has been brought about very largely by the rapid improvement in the standard of living of the working class. The elderly mother of today remembers her own girlhood, when she went into service at a big house where she got up at four a.m. and worked hard till ten p.m. Time off was probably a day a month and wages 15 pounds a year. Now when her daughter finds she doesn't like domestic work it isn't surprising that she doesn't encourage her to stick at it.

There is a story going about that we are to have European girls again as maids but so far I haven't heard of anyone getting one. All the Italian prisoners have gone home and now in their place you see Germans working in the fields and on the roads. Everyone says how well they work. But our great handicap in England just now is not shortage of labour so much as shortage of goods: shortage of coal first and most serious because not only are we cold but it holds up industry, shortage of food, of machinery, of wood, of glass, of paper and paint, and of animal feeding stuffs. We long for the day when we can buy what we want, in the quantity we want, and when we want it.

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The Country Guide

Winnipeg Manitoba

Pretty and Practical Hairdos

Four young and romantic arrangements illustrated by June Vincent and Maria Montez—By Loretta Miller



A NEW hair arrangement is the magic that adds a new look to you, you and you! Be your hair long or short, light or dark, and regardless of your personality, you can give yourself a Christmas present of a beautiful new hairdo. Use the hand mirror often, studying your reflection from the sides and back. Here are some basic rules that will guide you in finding a new hair style:

1. If your face is long and thin, don't pile your hair high on top of your head. This adds unneeded height and makes the already thin face appear thinner. Bangs will be best, or an arrangement that adds width to the face while seeming to shorten it.

2. If your face is round and plump, don't wear bangs, or a low arrangement over the forehead. This shortens the line from chin to hairline and makes the face appear broader.

3. If your nose is snub, your eyes and lips small, don't comb your hair "bushy," but rather let its arrangement follow the natural facial contour.

4. If your neck is short, try not to call attention to it by "cluttering up" this short area with soft curls and ringlets. Rather draw your hair away from a too short, heavy throat, and remember to hold your head higher. This actually makes the throat look longer.

5. If your throat is long and too thin, let the fullness of your moderately long bob serve as a background and don't pile your hair too high. This would accentuate the length of the too long neckline.

A. This is the classic long hair coiffure. Simplicity marks it as smart, always appropriate, and most adaptable. The centre part extends back but two inches, and wide, easy waves are shown just in front of the ears. Then all of the hair is drawn back of the ears and falls in a soft page-boy low on the neck.

To set this classic coiffure: Part the hair and, after running a comb through the hair and smoothing it well, hold your left hand firmly on the hair either side of the part, then use your comb for

working in the wave. Then transfer your left hand to the wave and hold it in place while you comb the ends of the waved strand back and down. The page boy effect is achieved by winding the ends of the hair downward over large curlers. Or, if you prefer, make pin curls, securing them in place with bob pins. Be sure that every pin curl is started with a downward turn and that the top row is even.

B. To arrange the formal classic: This effect is achieved by first setting the page boy or the classic. When the hair is combed, the sides are drawn back, combed together with the back, and secured with a ribbon. One of the latest and smartest trends is to use a square scarf instead of a ribbon. First twist the scarf diagonally, so that when it is tied around the strand, the two scarf ends hang like little wings. Paradoxically enough, this arrangement is as proper for sports or casual wear as for evening.

C. To achieve the fresh breeze look: Assuming you are setting your hair right after a shampoo, simply let the hair get partially dry, then start brushing and combing it straight up away from your face. As you sweep up the sides, brush slightly back then forward to give that soft look over the temples. A short, narrow ribbon or string should be used for securing all of the hair into one strand atop your head. Then separate the strand into several smaller ones, putting each strand on a curler. Let the hair dry before removing the curlers and combing the hair. Comb each curl over your finger, then use a hair or bob pin for holding each curl in place. If a hairnet is secured caplike over the curls they will remain in perfect order all day.

D. For the pretty and practical: A very short centre part, curls pinned down to form a crown, and a flower in the hair makes this both pretty and practical... for dressup affairs, for afternoon wear, or just when you want to try something new. You'll feel gay and festive as you go about your holiday chores, with a neat little housedress and a colorful flower in your new hair arrangement.

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BORDERLINE Anemia is robbing so many Canadian women of their radiant good looks... their vivacity and charm. Yes, and many men and children, too, are the victims of a Borderline Anemia—a mild anemia due to a nutritional deficiency of iron.

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H-45



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No. 2765—Side fastening and cut away front make this an up-to-date dress. Cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric.

No. 2710—Jerkin and skirt made from a man's suit. Cut in sizes 14, 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 14 can be made from a man's suit sizes 35 or 36.

No. 2778—A weskit, a jerkin, and a jacket to go with skirts. Cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust. Size 16 jacket with sleeves requires 1¼ yards 54-inch fabric; weskit requires ¾ yard 54-inch fabric; jerkin requires 1 yard 54-inch fabric.

No. 2836—A lingerie set for the fastidious lady. Cut in sizes 14, 16, 18, and 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust. Size 16 slip requires 2½ yards 39-inch fabric, and 1¼ yards lace; panties require 1 yard 39-inch fabric and 1½ yards lace.

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Write address clearly.

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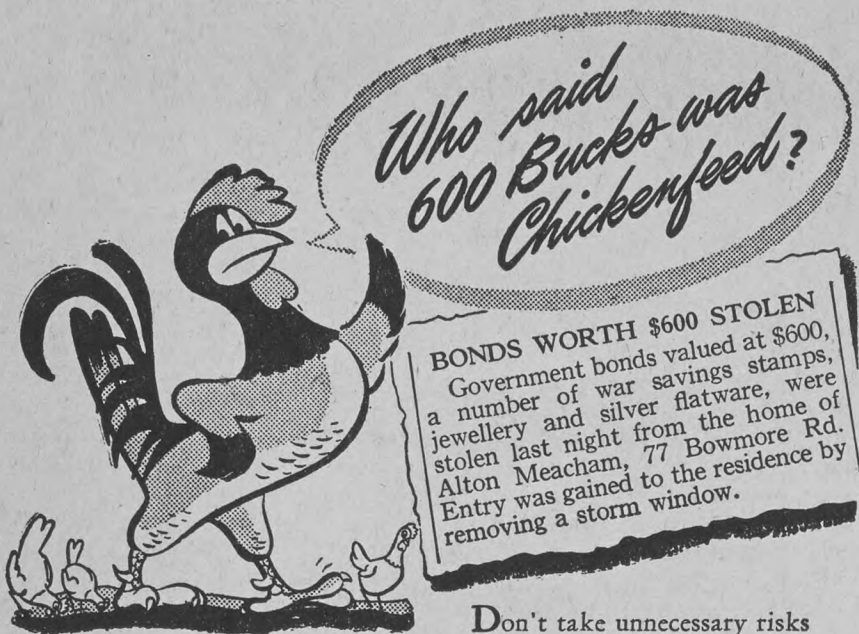
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THE ROYAL COMES BACK

Continued from page 8

space was given over to the poultry industry and its necessities. Above, on the second floor, the roosters, ducks, geese and turkeys were filling the air after their respective fashions. Here, perhaps, is as good a place as any to call attention to the fact that western Canada—Alberta in particular—scored a distinct triumph on this upper and noisy floor of the Royal. Ontario is accused sometimes of being a little bit smug, which is not surprising in view of the variety of her agriculture and the comparative friendliness of her climate. At any rate, the newer type of broad-breasted turkey has flourished in Ontario and there was little expectation that the West could get very far in these classes. Much to the surprise of everyone, however, A. C. Hallman, Duchess, Alberta, provided the difficult combination of color and utility and carried off both first and second places for young toms.

WITH entries in livestock and poultry numbering several thousands and with breeders and visitors gathered at the Royal, not only from all Canadian provinces, but from many states as well, it would be surprising if sales of breeding stock did not run into a sizable total. Many sales were undoubtedly made and many stories circulated of prices that seemed fantastic. There was one about a Palomino horse for which \$9,000 was refused. There was another about the sale of the grand champion Holstein cow that had been bought for \$900, offered to a neighboring breeder a short time ago for \$1,500 (refused) and sold at the Royal for \$8,000. Sales, of course, are what keep the purebred livestock business going. The grand champion Hereford bull is being transferred from the Stuart herd at Peterborough, Ont., to the J. S. Palmer herd at Marsden, Sask., along with a few females; and no doubt almost every breed and most of the herds and flocks represented at the Royal will lose or gain one or more animals, now or in the near future, as a result of the 18th Royal Winter Fair.

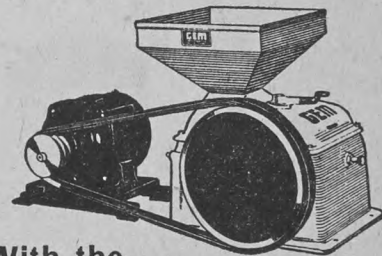
Whatever it may have meant to the individual exhibitors in the way of prize money or profitable sales; or whatever it has meant to the Royal Winter Fair Association, it seemed to be the general feeling that the 1946 Royal was the best ever. It should be encouraging to the management and directors, and the result of the final bookkeeping entries should show a substantial surplus. Many persons felt that charges were high enough and a little too frequent. General admission higher than before the war, plus additional admissions to the horse, dog and cat shows may have been revenue producing, but they were not noticeably popular. However, no one cares very much now, because it's all over for this year and it was a great show.



"And how are you doing with
YOUR flock, parson?"



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The Country Boy and Girl

The Dog in the Nest

By MARY E. GRANNAN.

DID you ever hear tell of a dog in a bird's nest? I have! He was a Scottie. And his name was Tupper, because he always "sang for his supper" like little Tommy Tucker. But Susie liked Tupper better so that was the name she gave her little dog. There is one other thing I must tell you before I go on, and that is this. Tupper is a toy dog. But Susie says that no real dog could be any more real than Tupper.

It was on a Wednesday that Susie's father said, "Well Susie, we're starting on our holidays tomorrow. Are you all ready?"

"Oh yes," said Susie. She'd been ready for days. "I'm all ready and so is Tupper. We're going to sit in the back seat by ourselves all the way."

"Oh you're taking Tupper, are you?" smiled her father.

"He won't let me go without him," said Susie. "He told me the very first minute he heard about our vacation, that he was going."

So it was settled. Tupper, the black toy Scottie was going. He was very excited when the car pulled away from the curb. Susie could tell. He didn't say anything. He never talked except to Susie. But Susie knew how happy he was.

On Saturday at noon time, Susie and her father and mother and Tupper were having a picnic lunch on the side of the road. Tupper was leaning against a maple tree. "We'd better hurry," said mother, looking at the sky, "those clouds are gathering very fast. I think there's going to be a downpour any minute."

She'd hardly gotten the words out of her mouth when the rain began to pour. "You gather up the dishes, Susie," said mother. "I'll get the silver, Daddy'll pick up the rug and coats and we'll be on our way as quickly as we can." There was great rushing and laughing and then a loud clap of thunder. "Hurry! Hurry!" said Dad. "Into the car you two. Hurry."

And Susie and her mother got into the car. Dad started the engine and away they went down the road. It was not until they were well on their way that Susie gave a frenzied cry. "Tupper!" she wailed. "I forgot Tupper. Daddy, we'll have to go back for Tupper."

"We haven't time, Susie," said Dad. "We've come well over 16 miles since we left there. We can't go back. I'll get you another Scottie."

"But it won't be Tupper," sobbed Susie. "How could I ever have forgotten him. What will he ever do?"

Tupper was wondering that himself, when Mrs. Partridge came out of the woods looking for her children. She saw Tupper against the maple tree where Susie had set him. "Well upon my speckled wings," said Mrs. Partridge. "What on earth are you ever doing here in this storm? This is no place for you. Don't you know that?"

Tupper was too unhappy to answer, but the wise bird knew something had happened, so she picked the little dog up and carried him to her low nest in the leaves. And he's been there ever since. He likes Mrs. Partridge and her children, and he has fun with them in the woods. But he often thinks of Susie . . . and Susie often thinks of him, and wonders where he ever got to. Wouldn't he be surprised if she knew where he was? Because who'd ever dream of a Scottie dog living in a bird's nest?

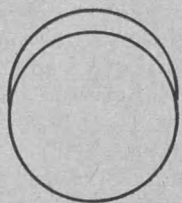
"TONIGHT we bring in the Christmas tree"—what an exciting evening, for now you feel that Christmas has come at last! Make it an evening of fun with everyone in the family helping with the decorating of the tree and the rooms. You want your tree to look festive and gay so of course you are interested in pretty decorations. Would you like to have snow glistening on your tree? Then just put some soap flakes or melted soap scraps in a bowl with a very little water and beat them up with an egg beater until the mixture is stiff like the frosting for a pie. Daub this "snow" on the branches of your tree as you have seen it lie after a snowfall.

We have sketched three easy steps for drawing a Santa Claus. Draw and color small ones on paper to use for Christmas seals or large ones on cardboard to hang from the branches of your tree. Your tree has another use after Christmas—stand it upright in the snow in your yard and you will have bird visitors who will welcome the suet which you tie to the branches of the tree.

To all you boys and girls we wish a MERRY CHRISTMAS filled with joy and many glad surprises.

Ann Sankey

1.



2.



3.



SIMPLE AND EASY TO MAKE THIS SANTA — MAKE FIRST TWO CIRCLES WITH COMPASS — THEN FILL IN FEATURES

Christmas Party Fun

THE modern Christmas party must be a whiz. To make sure that it is, nothing must be left to chance. Begin with a lively game to thaw out the thin coat of ice which usually makes the early part of a party appear a bit stiff.

A good stunt is to ask each guest to bring a simple toy, old or new. Explain that it is to be given to one of the other guests who will be asked to give a demonstration of how to play with it. As each visitor arrives have him tag his present with the name of another guest and tie it on to the Christmas tree. This keeps the early arrivals busy scheming and laughing.

Later, have someone who acts as Santa Claus distribute the parcels. It is extremely amusing to see one of the boys demonstrating how to nurse a celluloid doll, or to laugh at a girl trying to operate a mechanical clown. After the stunts are over, the toys may be kept by the guests or, if convenient, turned over to some charitable organization to be distributed throughout children's homes or hospitals. A merry Christmas indeed! Your fun can be made to bring sunshine to other people too.

For a detecto game, get a Christmas stocking made of red netting and fill it with a variety of small things such as candies, nuts, dates, buttons, raisins, safety pins, string, and Christmas seals. Give everyone a quick peek. Then let them write down what they saw. The person with the most right answers gets the stocking for a prize. This game can be varied by filling the stocking with candy or nuts and having the guests write their estimates of the total number of pieces.

For a smart stunt to fill in the pause between a change of program, a neat little trick is the nut catch. Tell your friends you are going to show them something which no one has ever seen before and which no one will ever see again. After the cries of "Oh-h-h!" have died down, produce a nut, crack it, and calmly swallow the contents, asking, "How about the kernel of that nut?"

A new way of presenting the ever-popular forfeit entertainment is to

have each of the guests draw a slip of paper from a Christmas stocking. Each slip of paper gives the stunt that has to be performed. Pick sides, or let the girls compete against the boys and see who is the most original. Some good stunts are:

Put two chairs back to back, take your shoes off, and jump over them. (Jump over your shoes, of course, not the chairs.)

Get yourself through the closed door. (It will be necessary to write "yourself" on a piece of paper and push it under the door.)

Leave the room with two legs and return with six. (You must go out and return with a chair since two legs plus four legs equals six legs whether real or wooden.)

Recite the first verse of "The Night Before Christmas" in sign language (act it out without speaking a word).

Spell the sentence "A Merry Christmas" backwards, saying "blank" between each word.

Kiss a book inside and outside without opening it. (In the room, that is, and outside the room.)

Sing one verse of a Christmas tune in the room without being heard. (Facial expression only.)

Recite a nursery rhyme saying only every third word.

A smart guessing game appropriate for Christmas is the Yuletide word hunt. For this provide each player with a paper containing the following twenty definitions. Explain that for each definition there is one word, and that each word selected must con-

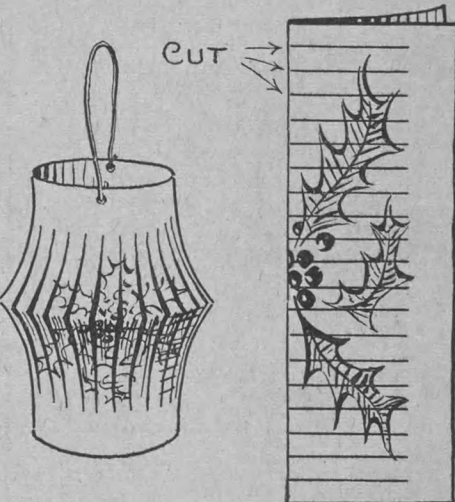
tain only letters found in the word "Christmas." The definitions are: 1, gorge or ravine; 2, map or diagram; 3, grace and loveliness; 4, vapor or cloud; 5, pole or flagstaff; 6, the month of winds; 7, a heavenly body; 8, flutter or excitement; 9, a garment; 10, a heap or quantity; 11, male sheep; 12, male deer; 13, market or shop; 14, hurt or evil; 15, the best part of a hog; 16, a stiffening material; 17, bogus or counterfeit; 18, light conversation; 19, a fancy belt; 20, a kind of tree.

The answers are: 1, chasm; 2, chart; 3, charm; 4, mist; 5, mast; 6, March; 7, star; 8, stir; 9, shirt; 10, mass; 11, ram; 12, hart; 13, mart; 14, harm; 15, ham; 16, starch; 17, sham; 18, chat; 19, sash; 20, ash (Christmas will do).

All the games and fun should have a Christmas flavor. Then, with the distribution of gifts and prizes, your real Christmassy party comes to a close. The happy guests depart. The lights go out. But the memories of such a joyful time will come back again and again as the new year rolls on towards another "Bon Noel."—WALTER KING.

Christmas Tree Decorations

USE old Christmas cards for decorations. They are bright and colorful and can be made into little lanterns and conifers to hang on your Christmas tree.

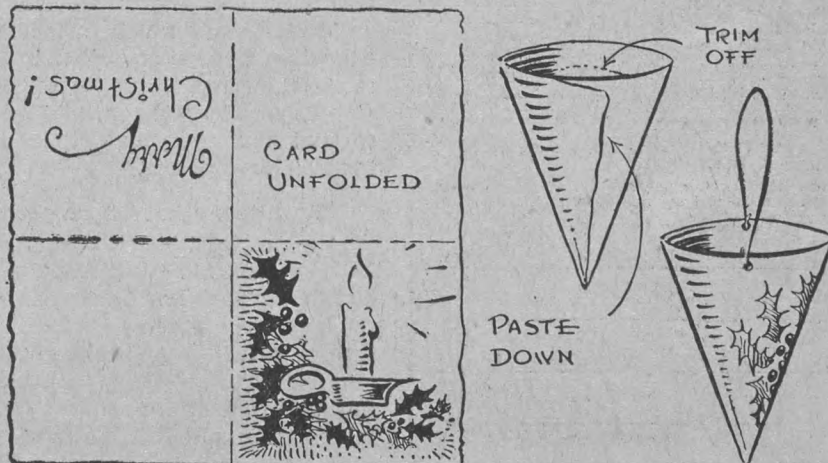


A Lantern

Cut a piece, 3x5 inches, from the best part of the card. Fold it lengthwise and cut from the fold in to one-half an inch from the edges. Cut these lines about one-quarter of an inch apart. See above. Try to make them even. Then open the paper, paste together the sides and you have a little Chinese Christmas lantern. Attach a colored string at the top to hang it on the tree.

A Conifer

Open up one of the Christmas cards that has two folds in it. You will have a large square piece of paper. Roll it into a cone with the picture on the outside. Paste along the last edge. Trim the top. Attach a red cord for the handle. Fill with popcorn or candy and hang on the tree.—AUDREY MCKIM.



Ad. Index

Apart from giving Guide readers a ready reference to items advertised in this issue, the coupon below may be used to order literature, samples, etc., offered our readers, by our advertisers. Advertisers offering literature, samples, etc., are numbered at the left and these numbers should be used in the coupon. Where stamps, labels, etc., are required an "X" appears alongside the number. The ad. itself will tell you what to send.

FARM

	Page
1. Animal Training and Breeding—Free Booklet.....	12
2. Auto Repairs—Free Catalog.....	22
3. Baby Chicks—Free Information.....	20, 21
4. "Buzz" Saw—Free Details.....	22
5. Chick Brooders—Free Information.....	20
6. Farm Equipment—Free Catalog.....	26
7. xFarm Equipment—Free Information (specify).....	13
8. xFarm Land For Sale—Free Information (specify).....	21
9. xFarm Land For Sale—Information (specify).....	23
10. Farm Light Batteries—Free Details.....	13
11. Garden Seeds—Free Nursery Book.....	22
12. Livestock Loss Prevention—Free Booklet.....	25
13. Livestock and Poultry Identification Labels—Free Catalog.....	18
14. Livestock Remedies—Information.....	12
15. Livestock Supplement—Free Literature.....	15
16. Lubricants—Free Catalog.....	26
17. Oat Roller—Free Leaflet.....	48
18. Oil Burner—Free Leaflet.....	21
19. Oil Filters—Free Book.....	25
20. Poultry Supplement—Free Samples.....	21
21. Power Chain Saw—Free Information.....	25
22. Rope—Free Booklet.....	26, 28
23. Saw—Free Book.....	18

HOME

24. Blankets, etc.—Prices.....	46
25. Sewing Machines—Free Information.....	47

MISCELLANEOUS

26. Asthma Remedy—Free Sample.....	25
27. Business Training—Free Prospectus.....	48
28. Business Training—Particulars.....	46
29. Civil Service Courses—Particulars.....	36
30. Detective Training—Information.....	15
31. Feminine Hygiene—Free Booklet.....	46
32. Hearing Aid—Free Literature.....	26
33. High School Correspondence Courses—Particulars.....	36
34. Inventors' Aids—Free Information.....	21
35. Memorials, etc.—Free Information.....	48
36. Nickel Company—Free Booklet.....	4
37. Patents—Free Particulars.....	26
38. Pile, etc., Remedy—Free Book.....	48
39. Rheumatism Remedy—Free Book.....	36
40. Rupture Remedy—Free Information and Trial Offer.....	25
41. School of Taxidermy—Free Book.....	15
42. Water Softeners—Free Booklet.....	26

GENERAL

Agents Wanted.....	26, 46
Anemia Remedy.....	45
Animal Diseases Control.....	12
Architect's Plans.....	26
Asthma Remedy.....	42
Baby Chicks.....	20, 21
Baking Powder.....	41
Banking Service.....	32, 48
Bread Knife.....	29
Clocks.....	44
Coffee.....	42
Cold Remedy.....	44
Cough Remedy.....	28, 46
Dressed Poultry Wanted.....	20
Dry Cleaning.....	36
"Electropall".....	12
Enamel and Varnish.....	28
Farm Equipment.....	36
Farm Light Plants.....	21
Farm Machinery.....	18
Farm Machinery Company.....	52
Farm Record Book.....	22
Fence Post Preserver.....	15
Flour.....	39, 45
Fur Trade Magazine.....	25
Garden Seeds.....	21
Generating Plants.....	34
Grain Grinder.....	16
Handwriting Analyzed.....	44
Heaters.....	18
Grain Company—Calendar.....	51
Grain Company—Christmas Message.....	14
Insecticide.....	18
Kidney Remedy.....	25
Lamps.....	42
Lamps and Lanterns.....	33
Laxative.....	36, 44, 46
Laxative—Children's.....	27
Life Insurance Service.....	24
Liniment.....	21
Livestock and Poultry Supplements.....	13
Livestock Supplements.....	12, 22
Lonely Hearts Club.....	44
Machine Repairs.....	22
Mail Order House.....	17
Mattresses.....	46
Meat Curing Compound.....	22
Meat Sauce.....	41
Milking Machines.....	3
Mowers.....	18
Nerve Food.....	46
Oil Filters.....	22
Post Hole Digger.....	21
Poultry Supplement.....	30
Pyrex Ware.....	40
Radiator Repairs.....	16
Radio Batteries.....	18
Raw Furs Wanted.....	25
Rubber Footwear.....	30
Rubber Heels and Soles.....	48
Sheets, Pillow Cases, etc.....	2
Skin Remedy.....	18, 29, 48
Soda Crackers.....	42
Syrup.....	48
Tea.....	17, 42
Tobacco.....	16, 29
Toothpaste.....	31
Tractor Storm Hat.....	18
Transportation Company.....	19, 28
Turbine Sprayer.....	29
Valve Caps.....	15
Valve Cores.....	18
Vaseline.....	42
Water Pumps.....	28
Wool Carding and Spinning Machines.....	46
Yeast.....	33, 35, 43

THE COUNTRY GUIDE, December, 1946
Winnipeg, Man.

From the items numbered I have selected the following in which I am interested in the literature, etc., offered.

Name.....

P.O.....

Prov.....

Numbers.....

Please print plainly.

Between Ourselves



Brooks, Alta., fears no competition in growing fine products. Not till other districts can produce corn like that above, will they be able to produce a pig like the one in the hayrack.

THE publication of the picture of the large apples in this column of the November Guide brought us a number of letters from subscribers. A few of them sent in similar pictures taken in their own localities to show that the growing of whopping big apples is not limited to Ontario. Mrs. A. Mikkelsen of Brooks, Alta., sent not only a picture of big apples purporting to have originated in her neighborhood, but as supporting evidence, a picture of giant ears of corn and a pig large enough to require a hay rack to transport him. Confronted thus with the indisputable evidence, The Guide has no alternative but to acknowledge the pre-eminence of Alberta's green belt, and to pass the proof, shown in the picture above, along to its readers.

ON the other hand, another Albertan, Bruce Grove, declares the editors of The Guide are altogether too gullible. He was not writing about the apple picture, but about the article on income tax in the same issue. This article tentatively put forth the view that inasmuch as it was difficult to get farmers to do the necessary bookkeeping to arrive at proper income tax assessments, why not try the system of assessing on the basis of net worth. In effect, Mr. Grove says, "What a laugh! If a farmer is taxed on net worth, he escapes taxation on all income that he doesn't turn into visible assets. If he lives high, plays the ponies, or hides his cash away in the mattress, he pays no tax on it. I know this is being done, and the fellows who are doing it are laughing gleefully up their sleeves at the income tax officials." But everything between the editors and Mr. Grove is forgiven because his letter ends with this handsome tribute which brings blushes to our modesty: "The Guide is my favorite reading material. I read almost every word, including the ads, in every issue."

WE seem to have been making hay in another field too. Bill Voydwell is studying for a degree in Pedagogy at one of the western universities. He tells us that Kerry Wood's article, Pests or Pals, in the October issue formed the basis for the greater part of one of the science exams at his institution. "Fortunately," he says, "I had read it and enjoyed it very much, aside from the educational value of it. We, in turn will teach the same thing to our students (if we ever get past the examiners here) so that you see, your article will have far-reaching effects."

BUT while we have been propping up the universities, it seems we have been neglecting some aspects of our own education. In the women's section of the October issue we published a picture of a very fine specimen of Christmas cactus, together with some information about growing this species, information which was supplied by the owner of the plant in the picture. For

our pains we ran straight into G. F. Marriner, Genthon, Man., who makes a hobby of cactus plants. First of all Mr. Marriner informs us positively that this plant is a *Zygocactus truncatus*. As we reeled from this aggressive lead, he followed with a couple of sharp lefts. Contrary to our advice it does not need a maximum of sunlight, nor should it have much moisture except when in bloom. Rocking on our heels from these blows, he sent us down for the count by saying that growers who follow our advice will not only have no blooms by Christmas, but will probably have nothing but a very sad sheaf of very dead cactus. The editors have thrown in the sponge. Mr. Marriner may have the stage all to himself. And so we can promise something from his pen in an early issue on the growing of members of the cactus family for house plants.

IF D. Hallows of Peavine, Alta., is right, we must send out a hasty amendment to any and all farmers who as a result of our article on income tax have resolved to keep better records in order to arrive at fair tax assessments more readily. "As a matter of fact," he says, "if a farmer did keep books properly he would be too discouraged to continue farming. If one studies the bulletin 'Cost of Producing Farm Crops,' compiled by the experimental farms; where costs are accounted, and when wages, repairs, and other expenses were less than what they are today—one finds that the cost of producing wheat on the average section farm was (at the time of compilation) \$1.02 a bushel. On the larger farms (where risks were greater) costs varied from 53 cents to \$1.40 a bushel."

THE mail brings an appeal from a public relations office in the East to throw our whole weight behind a campaign for price decontrol. Unless we induce our readers to write in droves to their members, urging them to "end bureaucratic control of industry," this country, we gather, is headed straight for Communism, or worse. We do not know whose money pays this agent's expenses but it is a cinch it is someone who will jack up the price of his commodity the day after controls cease. We'll have a look at that subject in the January issue.

A NEW serial story, The Dallas Heart, slipped into this issue without notice. And, for the leisurely readers, it may slip away unnoticed, because it moves at such a pace that it will be concluded in three issues. But we guarantee it to be a thriller of such intensity that it will not leave you alone till you have solved the mystery. You will discover before you have gone very far through it that Nancy, alias Jane, is in love but she is so wrought up about what is going on around her that she really does not have time to take stock of her feelings. 'Sa fact!

What's In This Issue

	Page
British Columbia Letter.....	3
Editorial.....	10
Under the Peace Tower.....	11

FEATURES

The Canadian Outlook.....	5
As Others See Us.....	6
The Royal Comes Back—By H. S. Fry.....	8

FARM

Livestock.....	12
Field.....	15
Workshop.....	18
Poultry.....	20
Horticulture.....	21

HOME

The Countrywoman—By Amy J. Roe.....	37
Christmas Customs and Carols—By Nell Macvicar.....	38
Christmas Foods—By Marion R. McKee.....	40
Yuletide Sweets.....	41
Wrappings with Personality.....	42
In England Now—By Joan M. Fawcett.....	43
Pretty and Practical Hairdos—By Loretta Miller.....	45
December Designs.....	46

YOUTH

The Country Boy and Girl.....	49
-------------------------------	----

FICTION

The Dallas Heart (serial—Part I)—By George Ethelbert Walsh.....	7
Five Set Forth in a Christmas Fog—By Ruth Comfort Mitchell.....	9

DECEMBER, 1946

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CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED

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Practical Books and Bulletins

"A Country Guide Service"

22. Hardy Fruits, by G. F. Chipman—25 cents postpaid.
23. Farm Workshop Guide, edited by R. D. Colquette—Illustrations and instructions for gadgets, and practical farm plans—50 cents postpaid (or Free with a \$1.00-for-2-year subscription).
50. The Countrywoman Handbook, Book No. 1—Kitchen Labor Savers, Home Decorating, Pattern Reading, Getting Rid of Flies, Bugs, and Beetles, etc., etc.—25c postpaid.
52. The Countrywoman Handbook, Book No. 3—Nutrition (foods necessary for proper quantities of vitamins, calories, minerals, etc.), Canning Meats and Vegetables, Curing Meats, Drying Vegetables, Storing Vegetables, etc., etc.—25c.
53. Farmer's Handbook on Livestock, Book No. 4—Livestock Nutrition, Livestock Pests and Diseases, etc., etc.—25 cents postpaid.
54. Farmer's Handbook on Soils and Crops, Book No. 5—Types of soils. Erosion control. Weed control. Forage crops, etc., etc., postpaid 25c.
55. Farmer's Handbook on Poultry, Book No. 6—Poultry Housing; Culling Poultry; Breeding and Chick Care; Egg Production; Producing for Meat; Poultry Breeding; Pests and Diseases; Concerning Turkeys; Raising Geese, etc., postpaid 25c.

BEAUTY AND HEALTH BULLETINS, 1c Each

1. How to Take a Home Manicure.
2. Care of Hands.
3. Care of the Feet.
4. Treating of Superfluous Hair.
5. Daintiness in Dressing.
6. How to Care for Your Skin.
7. Skin Problems.
8. Take a Facial at Home.
9. Care of the Hair.
10. Hair Problems.
11. How to Use Powder, Rouge, and Lipstick.
12. Mouth Hygiene.
13. Getting Ready for a Permanent.
14. Use and Care of Hair Brushes.
15. How to Choose Toilet Soap.

Note:—All Beauty and Health Bulletins, OR any one Handbook may be obtained free with a \$1.00 subscription to The Country Guide.

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